

published monthly since 1866

he Fortnightly

FOUNDED IN 1865 BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

JULY, 1950

Illinois ^{MIL. N.S.} U Library

CONTENTS

THE SCHUMAN PLAN
THE CHANNEL GAP
COMMUNISM AND PEACE
THE MONGOLIAN REPUBLIC
REDUCING INFANT MORTALITY
THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS
THE FUNCTION OF HISTORY
ERARD MANLEY HOPKINS
ETCHER—A Poem
THE DREAM-HOLE—A Poem
THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS

T. E. UTLEY
WILLIAM RYDAL
K. ZILLIACUS
K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI
G. F. McCLEARY
JOSHUA C. GREGORY
M. R. D. FOOT
B. EVAN OWEN
G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON
DENISE FOLLIOT
K. WESTCOTT JONES

Correspondence—Jerusalem and the United Nations

The Fortnightly Library :

CHANNEL ISLAND STORY

DAVID HUGHES

Other Contributors : Sir Harold Butler, W. T. Wells, M.P., Walter James, Hugh Ross Williamson, Pennethorne Hughes, Philip H. Morris, Sylvia Norman, Charles Gould, Howard Sergeant, Richard Perry, Grace Banyard.

PRICE 3s. 6d. or
U.S.A. 55 CENTS
CANADA 60 CENTS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

42s. PER ANNUM or
U.S.A. \$6.50
CANADA \$7.00

ALL CLASSES
OF INSURANCE •
TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S W.1.



Cricket, like so many English sports, has close associations with the inn. Outside the famous Bat & Ball Inn at Hambledon there are two old-fashioned cricket bats and a two-stump wicket carved in stone to commemorate the days when the men of Hambledon beat All England. That traditional association between inn and sport is still maintained by brewer and landlord. A good game followed by a glass of beer, especially now it's stronger — there's nothing better.

beer is best



THE FORTNIGHTLY

JULY 1950

THE SCHUMAN PLAN

BY T. E. UTLEY

M. SCHUMAN'S plan aims explicitly at the creation of a federal union in western Europe. M. Schuman himself has repeatedly said so and even if he had not, the most cursory glance makes it clear that his proposals can have no meaning unless they are completed by a constitutional union. On the face of it a scheme for ensuring perpetual peace, security and prosperity in western Europe by putting a single industry under a committee of international civil servants fits in admirably with that "functionalist approach" which the British Government has always offered as an alternative to federalism. The resemblance, however, is deceptive. O.E.E.C. is the perfect type of the functional organization, that is to say it is an international institution which exists to carry out the agreed decisions of national governments, and to facilitate the making of those decisions. Like every civil service, its staff wields considerable power which it derives from the continuity of its membership and its command of specialized knowledge. This enables it to influence as well as to execute the policy of its masters, but in theory it has no power which is not conferred upon it by their instructions. The very essence of M. Schuman's scheme, on the other hand, is that the authority which is to control the European steel industry shall not be controlled by national governments. It is because M. Schuman has insisted on the acceptance of this point as a condition of agreement that the British Government has rightly refused to discuss his proposal.

M. Schuman assigns two main objects to his proposed organization. It is to increase the western European production of steel and to prevent forever a Franco-German war. It is obvious that the second of these objects at least cannot be achieved without the exercise of what is in reality political power. The new authority would presumably be required to supply steel for armaments and be empowered to prohibit or curtail supplies to any member State which was planning an aggressive war. In order to do this it would have to scrutinize the military preparations of the member States and to pronounce on their legitimacy. It would have to decide what constitutes an aggressive war, or, if this were done for it in its original charter, it would have to decide when the conditions laid down in that document were fulfilled. The distinction between judicial and

legislative authority is always uncertain and it is particularly so in international affairs, where some means of continually revising the *status quo* is indispensable. In practice the new authority, to be effective, would have to acquire the duty of keeping the peace settled in western Europe up to date as well as of enforcing it. It is as absurd to suggest entrusting these functions to a committee of industrial experts as it would be to vest the functions of the King in Parliament in the Coal Board. All this leaves unanswered the crucial question of whether such a committee, even if it were entrusted with these tasks, could perform them with the sanctions at its disposal. On this point comment on the plan has been singularly confused. The argument implied in the claim that the Schuman Plan would make war between France and Germany impossible is the simple one that war cannot be waged without steel, and that if all the available steel in western Europe were in the hands of a single, individual authority war would be logically out of the question. The steel resources of western Europe, however, would be "in the hands" of such an authority only in a highly metaphorical sense. The steel would still be produced by French and German workers under the direction of French and German managers on the territory of France and Germany. The ability of the steel authorities to control its use would depend on its being able to control the activities of all those engaged in producing and distributing steel, and to make sure that their activities were unmolested by national armies and police forces. Plainly this would involve giving the supreme authority an army. The only other way in which the Schuman Plan could make war impossible would be by so organizing western European steel production as to make the French and German sections of the industry actually and continuously dependent upon each other. It is extremely doubtful whether this could be done, since a greater part of the German steel industry is already better adapted to the use of high-grade Swedish ores than to low-grade Lorraine ores. In any case, permanent economic interdependence results from geography not organization. If it could be achieved at all in western Europe it could be achieved without creating a new authority and the creation of such an authority would not in itself guarantee its continuance.

For all these reasons it would be possible to know, even if M. Schuman had not repeatedly said so, that the plan is in reality a plan for the constitutional union of western Europe. It is an understatement to describe it as the first step towards federation. It is the last step in the creation of a Western European State, just as the organization of a civil service is the last step in the making of a national constitution. M. Schuman, in fact, is like a man who is offering an engineless motor car for sale, in the knowledge that any customer who can be persuaded to buy it will have to take an engine as well in

order to avoid a dead loss. The next stage in the unfolding of his plan, a stage which, according to the latest reports from Paris, has already begun, will no doubt be the suggestion that the Council of Europe, as the nearest approach to a Western European Parliament yet available, should have authority over the proposed steel organization.

What has yet to be explained is why M. Schuman should have chosen this oblique approach. The only credible explanation is that he wants to put pressure on the British Government to reverse its opposition to a constitutional union. Had he proposed a federal union outright the British Government would have had the enthusiastic and undivided support of British opinion in rejecting it. By disguising federal union as a rigorously practical scheme for making steel production more efficient he has made it far harder for Mr. Bevin to remain aloof. Mr. Bevin, it is true, has succeeded in doing so, but only at the cost of incurring some odium which will probably increase when Mr. Churchill gets an opportunity to address the Commons. That M. Schuman does not accept the British decision as final is indicated by the pains which he has taken to leave the door open for the admission of Britain to the new organization. The adjectives which the British press has chosen to describe his policy could scarcely be less appropriate. It has been called "bold" by its admirers and mildly censured as "ambitious" by its critics. In fact the Schuman Plan is only one more symptom of the nervous obsession with security and half-conscious belief in the inevitability of national extinction which has distinguished political France ever since 1919, and which was the greatest single factor in the collapse of 1940. The French do not believe that it will be within their power, or for that matter within the power of the Atlantic Treaty countries, to keep Germany in subjection while protecting western Europe against Russia. They are convinced that if these objectives should prove incompatible the U.S.A. certainly and Britain probably will rate Russia as a greater menace than Germany and Germany as a more powerful ally than France. In these circumstances they calculate that the best hope for France is to conciliate what she cannot destroy and to merge her destiny with that of a reviving Germany. Nevertheless, M. Schuman and his colleagues shrewdly suspect that Germany would get the better of any such combination, and they think that the only chance of mitigating her supremacy is to induce Britain to take part as well. In the pursuit of this purpose they can count on three allies, the U.S.A., the influence, potential and actual, of Mr. Churchill, and British anxiety about Russia.

The welcome which M. Schuman's proposals have had in the U.S.A., a welcome qualified only by the fleeting suspicion that his real object might be to create a neutral third force, is due to the

belief that they would contribute to the strengthening of western European defences against Russia and to the freeing of world trade. These are the two most consistent objects of American foreign policy. In British eyes, it is true, the imposition of a complicated federal constitution on western Europe does not seem the best way to military efficiency, but the American belief that it is is an obvious consequence of American history. It is harder, on the face of it, to see how the universal adoption of multilateral trading will be furthered by the Schuman Plan. It is true that British participation would involve the immediate abandonment of Britain's steel preference in Dominion markets. What is more important, however, is that it would lead to the total abandonment of imperial preference if the plan were completed, as it would have to be, by a constitutional union and its concomitant, a customs union. If western Europe could in fact become a self-sufficient or at least an effectively co-operating economic union, America might not gain much from destroying imperial preference. Since, however, the economies of western Europe are not and never can be complementary, a customs union in western Europe to which Britain belonged would be a total gain to the U.S.A. It would not diminish one whit the dependence of western Europe on raw materials from America, but it would help to stop Britain's main alternative source of supply which depends on preferential agreements with the Dominions. The Americans are therefore right in regarding a western European customs union as a large advance towards multilateral world trade.

Britain's resistance to American pressure, however, has so far been successful. That there is any danger of its failing is due largely to a phenomenon of domestic politics which gets less attention than its merits. The Conservative Party is the traditional friend of the Commonwealth and of the policy, not indeed of isolation but of what may be called "semi-detachment" from the Continent. That policy has to a large extent been inherited and defended by Mr. Bevin. He has striven to keep Britain in the double rôle of an oceanic and a European power. He has perceived that Britain's value to Europe consists not in her own unaided strength but in the strength of the Commonwealth and Empire, and that Britain's value to the Dominions depends on her own security from attack across the narrow seas and therefore demands close and friendly association with her continental neighbours. This policy in its complexity, its suppleness and its empiricism is essentially Conservative. At the very moment when the formally cosmopolitan Left has been converted to it, however, the Conservatives have fallen under the leadership of a Whig. Mr. Churchill remains what he always has been, a Marlborough, whose ambition is to make Britain the leader of a continental alliance with a crusading purpose, a

clear-cut objective and a massive preponderance of power. He is also what he always has been, an Americanophile. He thinks of the U.S.A. as the arsenal of the free world and Britain as having the specific task, to which the American genius is unsuited, of rallying Europe to the common cause. He is also a free trader. Mr. Churchill, however, could never have carried his party even as far as he has towards the advocacy of European union without the aid of Russian policy since the war. It is true that middle-class opinion in Britain has manifested none of the class-conscious panic about Communism that has infected the U.S.A., but it has acquired the habit, largely from Mr. Churchill, of thinking of foreign policy in terms of a clear-cut conflict between peace-loving and aggressive powers, and it believes itself to have learnt from Mr. Chamberlain's failures the danger of trying to reach any kind of accommodation with a country which plainly comes in the second category. The idea of a vast, defensive alliance against Russia, achieved through the merging of sovereignty, has therefore a strong appeal.

M. Schuman can therefore count on these factors to help him in his assault on British detachment. He will not be doing a service to western Europe by exploiting them, since Britain without the Commonwealth would be a liability to her continental neighbours. It is therefore fortunate for France as well as for Britain that the chances are still against M. Schuman's success. On the least democratic interpretation of the British Constitution it would be necessary to consult the electorate before vesting some of the most important duties of Parliament in an international assembly, and it may be confidently predicted that any party which offered this policy would be decisively defeated. Meantime, if M. Schuman succeeds in creating a purely continental union without Britain it will be Britain's interest to cultivate the closest possible relations with it and to do all she can to prevent its falling under German domination.

(Mr. Utley, a member of the editorial staff of a leading daily newspaper, is also the author of Essays in Conservatism published in 1949.)

THE CHANNEL GAP

BY WILLIAM RYDAL

THE h'ming and ha'-ing of the British Government with regard to the French proposal for the first stage of implementing the Schuman Plan will have confirmed the worst suspicions about this country's attitude to European unity. When the first design for a Council of Europe was presented, it may be recalled, in the winter of 1948—sponsored by the French, Belgian and Netherlands Governments—a similar attitude was disclosed. Mr. Bevin's misgivings then were overborne, but the record of the Labour Government's inhibitions in respect of the Consultative Assembly at Strasbourg and in the face of plans for "European integration" emerging from the O.E.E.C. has earned us an unenviable reputation for 'dragging our feet'. Now when the French, abandoning for our sake constitutional blue-prints for "European Federation", embrace the very principle of the functional approach, they are confronted once again with what can only appear as wrecking tactics. No wonder Mr. Paul Hoffman in his testimony before a closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last February, was moved to make a stricture on the Labour Government in the following uncompromising terms :

They can't make up their mind about an economic federation. They don't know if they want one, and secondly, if there is going to be one on the Continent, whether they should take part in it. In the meantime they are torpedoing our efforts toward achieving an integrated economy in western Europe.

Yet it is not quite as simple as that, for it is not merely the Labour Government, intent on protecting a planned economy, that is the nigger in the woodpile, and the establishment of a non-elected supranational authority, as proposed, is a revolutionary step which demands careful consideration. The recent exchanges between London and Paris, however, suggest that the trouble lies quite as much with unimaginative Departmental officials whose whole training inspires them to see snags and pick holes in any project placed before them. What is wrong is not so much the official British view about the Schuman Plan (which may indeed have great merits) as the way in which it has been expressed, for, as things are, in the uniting of Europe it is the music that matters not the words. It is now a commonplace of international conferences that, while others are disposed to welcome plans first, thus imparting an initial impetus, and then afterwards discover the difficulties, the British

delegation, invariably, *from excess of honesty*, can be relied upon to insert a spanner in the works at the outset. The root of the mischief is indeed a deep-rooted psychological cleavage between us islanders and the peoples of the Continent which effectually prevents that making of 'Europe' to which we are all committed. The French are the Continental people *par excellence*, so that this failure to 'speak European' finds expression most commonly in an Anglo-French incompatibility of temper, which appears to be congenital. It may therefore be not without interest to revert to a consideration of the pre-war story which showed our two Governments and peoples so constantly at cross-purposes.

* * * * *

One day at Geneva, some twenty years ago, a British Minister was indulging in our characteristic disparagement of "logic", of the Latin mind, when one of his hearers—a Frenchman—turned to his neighbour, an Englishman, and said: "Really, I think you English believe that your stupidity is a gift of God. Well, it may be, but it is a gift that should not be abused."

We have a ready answer, of course, to the charge of stupidity. Indeed, the Frenchman, in making such a charge, was only giving expression to the fundamental psychological contrast between the English and the French characters. It is the old, old story, the intellectualist Frenchman nonplussed by the illogical and empirical vagueness of the English, and the commonsense Englishman shocked and irritated by the theoretical rightness yet unreality of the Frenchman. Here, in the fog of the English mental atmosphere, rather than by reason of any particular act of British foreign policy—such as the Anglo-German Naval Agreement in 1935—lies the origin of the cry "perfidious Albion", which is continually echoed on the Continent. This peculiar kink in the British mind has been admirably described by Mr. Wickham Steed, who has done as much as any man alive to interpret the Continent to England and England to the Continent:

The English are, above all, creatures of instinct. They distrust ideas; they have a horror of logic. Show them by irrefutable reasoning that they ought to do this or that, and they will revolt. An instinct deeper than reason tells them that life itself is not logical, that it is compounded of an energy that is often blind, an energy of which the mainspring lies below what psychologists call "the threshold of consciousness." At ordinary times, a clear view of national needs is very rare in England; but on the other hand a practical sense of individual needs, and a restlessness that sometimes becomes a spirit of adventure, are common to most Englishmen . . .

The first time an Englishman hears his country accused of perfidy or hypocrisy his astonishment is equalled only by his conviction that those who accuse her are either ignorant or insincere. What is the truth? My own conclusion is that the great majority of my fellow-countrymen are never, or very seldom, perfidious or

hypocritical, but are always inconsistent. Now, inconsistency is not hypocritical unless people are conscious of their inconsistency. But between the two sections of the English mind, the section that holds views or ideas and the section from which fundamental impulses proceed, there is a kind of water-tight bulkhead. What an Englishman may say at moments of normal quiet gives no clue to what he will do at a moment of individual or national crisis.*

What better illustration of that inconsistency, which must appear sheer hypocrisy, than the behaviour of the British Government in the face of Italy's war-making in 1935, as contrasted with the official attitude to Japan's equally flagrant breach of the Covenant? It is true that for some months previously, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden had been proclaiming *urbi et orbi* that the "Covenant is the sheet-anchor of British policy," and that the Peace Ballot had disclosed a large volume of public opinion rallying to the doctrine of "collective security" preached by our French neighbours to deaf ears for a decade and a half; that faith, however, had never been, and had never looked like being, matched by works. Then suddenly came Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, at the League Assembly of September 1935, and he was able in all sincerity to inform an incredulous Assembly that "the ideas enshrined in the Covenant have become a part of our national conscience; that His Majesty's Government stood for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety and . . . a steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression."

When confronted by a perfectly clear case, the man in the street was found to be uncompromising in his demands that the Italo-Abyssinian affair should be treated by "the Covenant, the whole Covenant and nothing but the Covenant." In his sub-conscious there was, on this occasion undoubtedly, an atavistic instinct operating on behalf of his country's selfish imperialist interests, yet it would be true to say that only one in a million of those who supported the Government's professed attitude towards Italian brigandage was consciously thinking of those material interests. There simply was no bridge between the two sections of the British mind. The groundswell of opinion which wrecked the Hoare-Laval Pact was the outcome. Then, in 1936, came disillusionment, for which, indeed, French policy was largely to blame, itself partly a result of the complete disbelief abroad in the purity of British motives.

Señor Salvador de Madariaga, a pioneer in the science of comparative national psychology, has admirably shown us how that permanent discordance between the French and British mentality worked out in the long duologue at Geneva on disarmament and security. "The Frenchman says"—I quote Señor de Madariaga—" 'We are all agreed on principles; therefore please sign this paper in which our agreed principles are set forth and developed to their

* An address given in May 1915 to an audience in Paris.

logical conclusions.' And the Englishman answers : ' True, we are agreed about principles, but there is no need to sign anything at all. When the time comes to apply them we shall do so in the light of the circumstances, and since we are agreed on principles, there is no doubt but that we shall agree as to their application.' At that the Frenchman is taken aback and goes home full of misgivings : ' He does not want to sign : therefore he does not really believe in the principles.' While the Englishman goes home muttering : ' He wanted to pin me down forever. I wonder what he had up his sleeve ? ' '* No wonder the caustic Spaniard observes that "it is not altogether impossible to bring the French and British delegates to see eye to eye—only their eyes are so different !"

Now that is a fair rendering of the Anglo-French point counterpoint which was, I venture to suggest, the dominant theme of international politics in the period when we lost the peace. On the psychological plane it is the eternal conflict between what that great Frenchman, Pascal, calls "*l'esprit géométrique*" and "*l'esprit de finesse*." The latter, the "instinctive" judgment, represents an accumulated mass of reflection, a mass so great that the separate items of fact and argument embodied in it can only with the greatest difficulty be disentangled.

The inveterate English dislike for clear thinking, which is the meaning of "stupidity" in the above context, was never more manifest than on the question of the League of Nations. In no country, perhaps, had there been from the beginning so much enthusiasm for the League as the symbol of a new order of international relations from which the scourge of war should be banished. Yet in no country, I venture to say, has there been such confusion of mind as to the essential character which a society of nations must possess if it is to bring about peace and an ordered society. And the misty idealism peculiar to the "Anglo-Saxon" peoples on the question of peace and war is by no means confined to the unthinking multitude to whom politics—and particularly foreign politics—are a closed book. What was the intelligent Continental, who understood the implications of the Covenant, to make of a speech such as that of Sir John Simon in the House of Commons on February 27, 1933, with his comment on British policy with regard to Japan's action in Manchuria : "I think that I am myself enough of a pacifist to take this view—that, however we handle this matter, I do not intend my country to get into trouble," a phrase which received more applause than any in the whole debate. How could the said intelligent Continental do otherwise than wring his hands in despair when another member of the National Government was reported as saying :

* *Disarmament*, by S. de Madariaga. Oxford University Press.

"I am sanguine enough to believe that some day Germany and France will find it better to be friends than suspicious of each other. What this country has to do is to maintain a great public opinion in favour of peace and try to inculcate the same desires in the other nations of the world," which amounted to telling the French and Germans—or any other pair of nations—first, not to be so silly as to go on quarrelling, and secondly, to learn sense from the example of Great Britain. In a speech at Northampton on October 19, 1933 (in the week following the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Louis Barthou), Sir John Simon was heard saying that British policy should consist in "counselling patience and moderation in all directions." No inkling that the problem of war is an organic one, only to be remedied by a bold and fundamental transformation of the structure of internal society. The correspondence columns in *The Times* were year by year full of similar glosses on the League of Nations, its character and its functions.

The Covenant, let us remember, was in the main an Anglo-American production. While the principle of mutual protection, the basis of any organized society, was upheld, its sponsors deliberately rejected the conception of a central authority having power to enforce law and order among the several units of the international society, on the plea that "international opinion was not ripe for such a drastic pooling of sovereignty." They favoured the extension of the pre-1914 concert of Europe, or more exactly the allied and associate power system, into a loose association of sovereign States possessing equal rights, whose conflicts, because of the root assumption of a change of heart, could in future be resolved through co-operation expressed primarily in a permanent and settled method of conference.

It is worth while examining in detail this conception of diplomacy by conference. It was based (1) on the assumption that any issue between States can be settled by sweet reasonableness and discussion round a table, "the idea," in the words of Lord Lothian, then Mr. Philip Kerr, "that regular conferences of the nations will point the road to a fair solution of all disputes, and that the nations themselves will voluntarily and without coercion give effect to what the public opinion of the world comes to regard as right";* (2) on the premises of parliamentary democracy in all its pristine purity: "by far the best way to ensure that a decision will be obeyed is that it should be made by consent of all the parties concerned";† (3) on the notion of a directorate of great powers with little more than lip-service to the idea of equality of status of all States, and (4) on a vivid impression

* In later years no one was more emphatic than Lord Lothian in repudiating the doctrine of peace through goodwill and in declaring that the anarchy of sovereignties is the root cause of our troubles. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

† cf. *The League of Nations in Theory and Practice*, by C. K. Webster.

of the fear and passion engendered by competition in military preparations, whence the conclusion was drawn that "disarmament" was a pre-condition of security.

Now, not one of these assumptions was part of the mental stock-in-trade of people in Continental Europe. (There is no translation of the phrase 'round table conference', for instance.) Nor indeed are they in line with historical experience. They were a set of ideas which, whatever value or virtue they may have for the British Commonwealth of Nations, were irrelevant to the stark facts of a war-ridden world. They pre-supposed, in the face of the tremendous issues of power politics still convulsing a troubled world, a State morality which is non-existent, and a degree of confidence which the whole history of inter-State relations dismally belies. And it was a view that could only have originated in the minds of representatives of countries that simply did not know at all the feeling of insecurity and fear of attack which is common to the huddled nations of the Continent. Events leading up to September 1939 remorselessly drove that fact home : wherefore the provision of "teeth" in the United Nations Charter, the plan for a Military Staff Committee and certain forces 'at the ready' at the disposal of the Security Council, which alas ! has been frustrated by the cleavage between Russia and the west.

On this question of Britain's failure to live up to her responsibilities in the Europe of 1918-1939 history was only repeating itself. The late Professor R. B. Mowat in his little book *Diplomacy and Peace* reminded us that responsibility for the failure of the first attempt to apply morality to international relations in modern times (the Holy Alliance) seemed primarily to rest with the British Government :

It was not that the British Government was immoral. As directed by George Canning after 1822, and by Lord Palmerston after 1830, it had some high moral aims, for instance, to promote freedom and self-government. Like another Anglo-Saxon Power in later times (the United States), the British Government, while scrupulously and energetically moral in certain directions, was still bound by the old infatuation for State-sovereignty. Although probably far more honest than the Austrian, Russian or French Governments of that time, the British Government was far inferior to these in international sense, in the spirit of co-operation. The cynical Metternich, the unscrupulous Talleyrand, the flexible Nesselrode, were less attached to State-sovereignty than the lofty Canning and the idealist Aberdeen or any of the other English statesmen. The Continental statesmen were ready to regulate their international relations jointly in concert. The British statesmen were not prepared to do so.

The issue is between two totally different ideas of internationalism corresponding in effect to a fundamental divergence in principle. There is, after all, nothing in the British educational system corresponding to the predominant legal basis of education on the Continent, which makes the average person, whatever his nationality, regard it as

quite natural for a policy of international co-operation to be expressed in legal forms and institutions. With us, as we are always proud to affirm, there is no written British Constitution. Hence the difficulty which English people have in accepting in advance any set of principles for action in a given eventuality. The British people have, indeed, a long and honourable tradition of internationalism. It is, however, essentially an ethical, humanitarian and *quasi*-religious attitude—and as such, unco-operative, wayward and subject to fluctuations of changing aspirations and desires. Most Englishmen honestly think that the British Commonwealth—our League of Nations—rests entirely on a basis of freedom and consent without any element of that force which bulks so largely in considerations of political organization on the Continent—when the truth is that the essential element of any durable polity, that is power *alias* defence, *has* been federalized ; for all their Dominion status, the daughter-nations of the Empire rely still on the mother-country to a large extent in respect of their defence needs ; there is, in fact, an unwritten law of mutual assistance, corresponding to the formal and legal commitments of the League of Nations Covenant or United Nations Charter.

* * * * *

If you look at Europe from outside you see a definite unit. "It is only the Europeans themselves," said Count Condenhove-Kalergi in 1939, "who do not know what Europe signifies." And European Union is no lifeless abstraction like world peace. As Mr. Amery wrote in 1935, when the lights of Geneva were already dimmed :

Every mile of its frontiers represents some solution of century-old conflicts, of rival ambitions or of contending ideals but, amid all its sentimental jealousies and conflicts of interest, it has a common interest, and *thinks the same thoughts* (my italics).

"Thinks the same thoughts"; that is the point. The intellectual ground-work is there. There was some sense in M. Briand's adjuring the other 24 States of the Continent, members of the League, to 'speak European', since, despite all conflicts arising from competitive policies in terms of power, there is a common attitude of mind. We islanders, on the other hand, are only just beginning to learn the European alphabet. And the irony of the situation is that the several States of the European Continent cannot of themselves achieve "federation"; Britain-in-Europe is a keystone of the structure. A 'federal union' of Europe is in the womb of contemporary history, but it cannot be brought forth until and unless this country of ours does duty as midwife. The more one reflects on the whole question of Western Union in the terms of to-day, the more one is forced to the conclusion that the gulf between British and Continental thought-processes is the greatest contributory cause of the continuing international malaise.

COMMUNISM AND PEACE

BY K. ZILLIACUS

THE policy of the western powers towards the Communist-governed two-fifths of the world appears to be getting at cross purposes with itself. The *Manchester Guardian* summed up the contradictions by saying that the western powers were proceeding on the assumption that, on the one hand, the Soviet Union was so strong that they were in imminent danger of attack and, on the other, that in a few years it would be so weak that they could dictate their own terms. An American cold warrior is supposed to have complained that if the west went on arming full tilt we should produce bankruptcy, starvation and revolution at home, whereas if we stopped rearming we should be at the mercy of the Soviet Union. This view of the dilemma of the west must have prompted General Eisenhower's recent remark at Columbia University: "Huge military expenditures are necessary, but if unwatched may dangerously bleed the economy and even destroy what we seek to protect."

No wonder the leading statesmen of the west disagree openly. Dean Acheson, echoed by Mr. Hector McNeil, speaks of a "permanent cold war". Mr. Churchill, speaking in the Foreign Affairs debate of March 28, entered a strong plea for negotiations now. We had a breathing space of four or five years, he said, because both sides were too terrified of each other to start a war. We must grasp this opportunity as quickly as possible, for time was working against us. In the next few years the balance of power would become progressively less favourable to the west.

The view that the west is falling behind in the arms race appears to be spreading. West European, British and American public opinion is being urged to realize that we must spend much more on defence, conscript for longer periods and if necessary lower our standard of living, in order to make a reality of "collective defence" under the Atlantic Pact.

Few in this country have drawn Mr. Churchill's realistic conclusion from this situation. But there is a strong and growing movement in France, endorsed even by the Conservative *Le Monde* for what is variously described as "neutrality" and "independence". The more both sides arm, the greater their mutual fear and their feeling that they must speed up their own rearmament.

Meanwhile, in the United States some distinguished, indeed leading,

supporters—one could almost say authors and foundation members—of the cold war policy have been saying things that suggest that the world's arms race to the next war may after all not be really necessary. Mr. George F. Kennan, as Chief of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, was the principal author of the policy now being followed by the Secretary of State, Dean Acheson. He recently left the service of the State Department and accompanied his departure with the publication, in *Reader's Digest* of last March, of what is generally regarded as his political testament. His article, entitled "Is Peace With Russia Possible ?", contains the following passages :

Current Stalinist doctrine does not demand war. On the contrary, it teaches that eventually capitalism will fall largely of its own weight, i.e., as a result of the inner 'contradictions' which the Communists believe it embodies. There is nothing in Stalinist doctrine which would make it necessarily the main responsibility of the armed forces of the Soviet Union themselves to overthrow capitalism everywhere by direct military action. This premise would actually seem illogical and improper, from the Communist point of view ; for it would imply that capitalism, in the absence of such an attack, would be basically sound and capable of coping permanently with its own 'contradictions'. But this is exactly what good Marxists do not believe.

Mr. Kennan goes on to examine Russian tradition and the Soviet Union's national interests as seen by its leaders, and concludes that

viewed against the background of doctrine, tradition and practical realities, therefore, the picture would look something like this : The Russian leaders believe our downfall is inevitable. They would do anything they could to hasten it. But they would not wish to endanger in any major way the security of the world citadel of Communism, the U.S.S.R.

In these circumstances, where another world war would obviously involve such dangers, it is hardly likely that the Russians are now charting an early military onslaught on the Western World.

Mr. John Foster Dulles, chief foreign affairs expert of the Republican Party and now Mr. Dean Acheson's official adviser, said on March 8, 1949 :

So far as it is humanly possible to judge, the Soviet Government under conditions now prevailing does not contemplate the use of war as an instrument of its national policy. I do not know any responsible high official, military or civilian, in this Government or any government who believes that the Soviet State now plans conquest by open military aggression.

Four articles of the *Osservatore Romano* in June 1947, by its editor-in-chief, Count Giuseppa de la Torre, summed up the world situation in a way that suggests even more far-reaching doubts of Anglo-American policy.

Just as 150 years ago there was a counter-revolutionary coalition led by Britain against revolutionary France, so to-day there was a counter-revolutionary coalition led by the United States against revolutionary Russia and the other countries that had gone through a social revolution. In such a conflict right and wrong were mixed

on both sides. There was no issue that could not and should not be settled by negotiation and compromise. Communism was a social analysis and political creed that had originated in Western Europe a century ago and would survive whatever happened to the Soviet Union. Ideas could not be destroyed by force :

Whatever may be the positions or opinions we hold about Communism, as an idea and in action as a philosophy and morality, as economics and politics, to-day and tomorrow, we cannot and must not, if we wish to remain civilized and Christian, imagine that we can defeat or change Communism by force, by the blood, anguish, violence, misery and barbarism of war. . . . With peace everything can be regained. War would destroy what is left—and there is not much left after two world wars—of civilization.

The time has come, it may be suggested, for fresh thinking on fundamentals. First we must make up our minds what we want. Those who say it is impossible to come to terms and live at peace with Communist-governed countries count for all practical purposes with those who want another war, for their attitude helps to make war inevitable. Another war would be the greatest evil and calamity that could befall us in any conceivable circumstances. It is the worst of all possible alternatives. Secondly, we must understand the essentials of the situation with which we are dealing. Historically, Communist parties are left wing break-aways from their social democratic parties. They are as much native to their countries of origin as the social democratic parties from which they have sprung. But because the break-away occurred first in Russia and the Bolshevik faction, led by Lenin, of the Russian Social Democratic Party successfully carried out a social revolution, defeated allied intervention and remained in charge of the only socialist State in a hostile capitalist world for a quarter of a century, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union acquired immense prestige in the eyes of other Communist parties.

The worse relations were between the U.S.S.R. and the capitalist States, the greater the insistence on other Communist parties acting purely and simply as the defenders of Soviet interests and Soviet security. The better the relations and the greater the area of common purpose between the western powers and the U.S.S.R., the more the Communist parties have tended to relax their bonds with Moscow and to function as an integral part of the forces of the left in their own countries.

The loosening of the control of the Comintern and the popular front policy inaugurated at the 7th Comintern Congress in 1935, on the initiative of the late Georgi Dimitrov, reflected the Soviet Government's growing fear of fascist aggression and its desire to draw closer to the western democracies through the League of Nations. When our countries became allies during the war the Comintern was dissolved.

In 1945-1946 all the powerful European Communist parties, that had emerged at the head of their resistance movements during the war, were insisting that they must find their own way to Socialism according to the traditions and institutions of their own countries and that the Russian model was not an article for export. The Soviet leaders endorsed this position.

From 1947 onward, as the direct result of growing western hostility and antagonism and the danger of intervention, as the Communist parties saw it, the bonds between the C.P.S.U. and other Communist parties began to tighten again and assumed the outward aspect of the Cominform, which was a consultative organization on paper but in fact an obedient chorus to the voice of Moscow. It was the search for security against the west and not ideological fanaticism that led to this development, and to the Soviet leaders insisting so strongly on obedience and conformity as to provoke the revolt and break-away of the Yugoslav Communist Party.

To-day the Soviet Union, on the one hand, asks for negotiations and proclaims its belief in the necessity for capitalist and socialist States to live and trade together peaceably. On the other, it is trying to bring about the overthrow of the present régime in Yugoslavia by every means short of war, in order to impose its view that "proletarian internationalism" means the duty of Communist parties and Government to show unlimited obedience and loyalty to the C.P.S.U. This is a claim inconsistent with the United Nations Charter, on which the Soviet Government claim they wish to base their relations with all other States.

The western powers interpret the defence of democracy against Communism in a sense broad enough to cover policies of diplomatic, economic and even military intervention in the internal affairs of other States, so as to foment and support counter-revolution and civil war. These are policies that are also inconsistent with the obligations of the United Nations Charter.

If this situation is not to end in a war where each side tries to impose its claims on the other and both destroy themselves, civilization and a large part of the human race, there must be negotiations based on a compromise.

One basis of compromise would be for both sides to maintain their claims intact but to limit their application geographically. That was the basis of the Hitler-Stalin deal in 1939 and the Churchill-Stalin agreement in 1944. It would mean dividing Europe into spheres of influence, leaving the Americans a free hand to exterminate Communism in the west and the Soviet Union to impose its claim to rule all Communist-governed countries in the east. In that case a near-fascist west and a Cominform east would soon confront each other and start an even more terrible arms race ending in a third

world war.

The other possible basis of compromise would be for both sides to confine their respective claims to limits consistent with our all living together in one world and governing the relations of States by the U.N. Charter. The western Allies should realize that they cannot impose democracy and freedom on other countries by external force. The only way to promote from within the growth of democracy and freedom in other countries is through trade, friendship and peace. But they are entitled to demand that Communist parties renounce the pernicious view that "proletarian internationalism" means accepting the judgment of the Soviet leaders as their final authority, in return for being treated as a normal part in the forces of the left in their respective countries.

Soviet Communist leaders on the other hand, who are also the Government of the U.S.S.R., must renounce the claim to direct Communist parties in other countries. But they are entitled to demand that they should be accepted as full partners and equals, and that the new China should be recognized and also accepted as a full partner in settling all outstanding issues in Europe and Asia, on lines consistent with the obligations of the Charter and using to the fullest possible extent the machinery of the United Nations.

The Yugoslav revolt makes it possible to work out the terms of this compromise. The western powers and their Labour and Socialist parties, trade unions and co-operatives, writers, scientists and artists' associations, women's and students' organizations, should cultivate friendly relations with Yugoslavia and with the corresponding bodies in that country. The west should trade with and grant credits to Yugoslavia without attempting to impose political or military conditions (which the Yugoslavs would in any case reject).

The western powers should use this relationship as practical proof that they are prepared to live and let live with Communist-governed States that genuinely take their stand on the principles of non-interference in internal affairs and peaceful settlement of all international differences. They should offer negotiations for a general settlement to the Soviet Union on the basis of full partnership in settling the affairs of Europe and Asia and readiness to work out new compromise solutions linking together the control of atomic energy, abolition of the atomic bomb and other weapons of mass destruction, and reduction and limitation of armaments by international agreement.

They would ask the Soviet Union and the Cominform States in return to end their campaign against Yugoslavia and to restore normal economic and diplomatic relations with that country, as practical proof that they would observe the obligations of the Charter in their relations with all countries. That would mean the effective

and final abandonment of the Soviet claim to direct other Communist parties. The latter, in the context of east-west negotiations and agreement, would rapidly evolve on Titoist lines, particularly as the agreement would include the cessation of policies of anti-Communist discrimination and intervention by the west. That is why there should be no going back on the Soviet decision, once it was made. Something irrevocable would have happened to 'proletarian internationalism'. Specifically the agreement would include raising the American veto on Communist parties in France and Italy sharing in the government of their countries, if that were the will of most of their Parliament or electorate, as well as taking the U.S.S.R. and China into partnership in winding up the colonial wars in the Far East.

The fanaticism displayed by the Soviet leaders and Communist parties about Tito's stand shows how vital is the principle at stake. But the Soviet Union genuinely needs and wants peace and does not feel secure against the west. This distrust would disappear if west and east reached agreement and there would be a good chance of their doing so if the Soviet Union, as part of an overall bargain, could obtain counter-concessions and thus save face.

The moral and intellectual price to be paid by the west is to adopt a rational and not a fanatical view about Communism. That means recognizing that whether we like it or not this is the form the accomplished fact of social revolution has assumed in a large part of the world.

The best defence in our own countries against Communism or any other form of social violence is economic strength, social justice and political sanity. The cold war and the arms race will ultimately be fatal to all three—and to our democracy, freedom and national independence as well.

Communism cannot be exterminated by force. It thrives on the social hysteria, impoverishment and injustice produced by the constant threat of war and by distorting and exhausting our economy in an arms race. But Communism where it has triumphed can be civilized and evolved into a Socialist society with democracy and freedom, in the context of flourishing trade and secure peace.

(During his 19 years as a member of the Information Section of the League of Nations Secretariat one of the author's jobs was to keep in touch with the Second International and the Soviet Union.)

THE MONGOLIAN REPUBLIC

By K. M. SMOGORZEWSKI

AN immense plateau occupying an area seven times the size of Great Britain, most of it lying between 3,000 and 6,000 feet above sea level ; warm in summer, with temperatures reaching 80°F., but intensely cold in winter, when the thermometer falls to -50°F. ; a wind-swept steppe with a rainfall reaching only half that of England and populated by less than one inhabitant per square mile—this is the country of the Mongols, the land of the *mong* or brave. It is obvious that in this land there is no scope for agriculture and its inhabitants can only be nomad herdsmen, capturing new pastures for their sheep and cattle, their horses and camels.

Inevitably the name Mongolia evokes memories of Jenghiz Khan's mastery at the beginning of the thirteenth century of an empire covering almost all the territories of the present-day Soviet Union and China, or of Timur who two centuries later lost China—which was reconquered by the first Ming emperor—but subjugated instead all the lands now described as the Middle East. For a few centuries the Mongols were lords of the Eurasian steppe extending from Lake Baikal to the Carpathians. The steppe, on which was based their economy as herdsmen, also allowed them easy movement of considerable cavalry forces over enormous distances without supply problems to solve. When a Mongol khan gave orders to attack, though a country were a thousand miles distant its fate was already sealed. Everything aided the aggressor : the element of surprise, a new kind of warfare, the unpreparedness of the chosen victim and the absence of solidarity among the endangered States. It is true that the Mongols showed little capacity to consolidate their victories ; nevertheless they succeeded in keeping Russia under their yoke for almost three centuries. It was the gradual colonization of the steppe by Russia, which was expanding southwards towards the Black Sea and eastwards into Siberia, and by China, pushing northwards and westwards, that put an end to the Mongol empire.

To-day the descendants of Jenghiz Khan number some five million, three of them in China (in the three provinces of what was known as Inner Mongolia and in the eastern part of Manchuria) ; about a million in former Outer Mongolia, which now constitutes the Mongolian People's Republic, and the rest either in the Buryat-

Mongolian Autonomous Republic (a Russian province), or scattered throughout the Soviet Union, where they are known as Kalmuks.

Those who seek to explain present Soviet policy as the old Czarist imperialism in another form are over-simplifying the issue. Czarist imperialism was purely territorial and somehow limited in space. While not trusting the west, the Russia of those days yet remained open to western influence. But, in areas of the strategic *glacis* immediately around the Soviet frontiers, in Europe or in Asia, there is, in fact, a definite continuity between the Soviet and Czarist policies of which Mongolia is a perfect illustration.*

In the endeavour to transform Mongolia into a buffer State Czarist diplomacy backed the autonomist tendencies of princes and lamas. It was successful because the Mongols viewed askance the Chinese colonization of their lands and pastures. The new Mongol nationalism looked abroad for support and only Russia was interested in according it. The proclamation of independence in November 1911 coincided with the outbreak of the Chinese republican revolution; the Hutukhtu, or Living Buddha of Urga, was proclaimed khan of Mongolia. A government was organized and a military force of 20,000 was trained by Russian officers and non-commissioned officers of Buryat race. Czarist Russia, however, did its best to prevent the Mongolian State from having diplomatic relations with any foreign power and to circumscribe Mongolian territorial aspirations towards Inner Mongolia, towards Barga (or Hailar) in Manchuria, or towards Urianghai (or Tannu Tuva) which, according to the Russian premier, M. Goremykin, should be annexed to Russia.

The fall of the Czarist régime caused the temporary abolition of Mongolian autonomy by the Chinese republican government, but as the communists emerged victorious from the Russian revolution and the succeeding civil war they became actively engaged in Mongolian affairs. On Russian advice the two secret Mongolian groups plotting for independence and a new social order—one led by Sukhe Bator and Danzan Horlo, officers of the first national Mongol force, and the other by Choibalsan, a communist—merged in 1920 in a Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party (M.P.R.P.). In March 1921 the new party formed a revolutionary government in Kiakhta, on the Russian side of the frontier, and in July it was transferred to Urga (later renamed Ulan Bator, or Red Hero) under the protection of the Soviet army. The Hutukhtu was invited to limit his activities to religious affairs and a republican government headed by Lama Bodo was formed. On November 5, 1921, Chicherin and Bodo signed in Moscow a Soviet-Mongolian treaty of friendship, but at the same time a north-western corner of Outer Mongolia, the Urianghai,

* See *Outer Mongolia and its International Position*, by Gerald M. Friters. Johns Hopkins Press. Oxford University Press. 45s.

was proclaimed an independent republic of Tannu Tuva under Russian protection. (It was finally incorporated in the Russian Soviet Federal Socialist Republic in 1945.)

In April 1922 the Soviet political police claimed to have discovered that the head of the Mongolian government was a "Chinese spy". Bodo was arrested and shot with 15 other "pro-Chinese" plotters. Events in Mongolia, however, did not sidetrack the Soviet leadership from their concern with developments in China, and from 1921 the Russians made every effort to increase their influence there. On May 31, 1924, a Soviet-Chinese agreement, signed by Karakhan and Wellington Koo, recognized China's sovereignty over Outer Mongolia and promised the withdrawal of Soviet Troops. "We recognize the Mongolian People's Republic as part of the Chinese Republic," commented Chicherin, "but we recognize also its autonomy in so far-reaching a sense that we regard it not only as independent of China in its internal affairs, but also as capable of pursuing its foreign policy independently."

No new "incarnation" was permitted when the Hutukhtu died in July 1924. In August, Danzan Horlo, the commander-in-chief of the Mongolian army, arrested after an "anti-Russian" speech made at the M.P.R.P. great *hural* or congress, was sentenced to death and executed (his friend Sukhe Bator died naturally, it seems, in the previous year). Shortly afterwards, on November 26, 1924, a Mongolian constitution was promulgated on the Soviet model. At the beginning of 1925 Soviet troops could be safely withdrawn.

China was far too absorbed by its internal troubles to be able to give expression to its theoretically recovered sovereignty over Outer Mongolia. In 1931 an entirely new situation was created by the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. In the same year Choibalsan, hitherto kept in reserve as too "red", joined the Mongolian government as minister of foreign affairs. On November 27, 1934, Gendung, the prime minister, and Choibalsan concluded with M. Litvinov an agreement amounting politically, though not legally, to a Soviet-Mongolian military alliance. Soon afterwards Gendung had to be "liquidated" as "Japanese spy" and Choibalsan became premier. On March 12, 1936, a formal treaty of alliance was signed at Ulan Bator between the U.S.S.R. and Mongolia, and Soviet forces re-occupied the territory of the sister republic. On July 7, 1937, Japan began the invasion of China and in the following month the Russians considered it prudent to poison General Demid, commander-in-chief of the Mongolian army: he was succeeded by Choibalsan, who was appointed general and later marshal.

Henceforward Russia was firmly established in Mongolia. The situation was recognized not only by Great Britain and the United States in the Yalta agreement (February 11, 1945), but also by China

(August 14, 1945), with the face-saving formula of a plebiscite. This took place on October 20, 1945. The world was told that 487,409 citizens of the Mongolian republic had gone to the polls and not a single vote was cast against independence. On January 5, 1945, China formally recognized the independence of Outer Mongolia and on February 27 was signed a new Soviet-Mongolian treaty of alliance. None the less, Soviet troops continue to be stationed in Mongolia and only in April 1950 was it permitted to establish diplomatic relations with other people's republics under Soviet control.

Mr. Friters's book has the distinction of being the first study in the English language of the Mongolian People's Republic. Unable to visit the country, he was obliged to rely solely upon the various books and documents available, with the result that he has gathered from Russian, English, German and French sources an impressive amount of material which is arranged not chronologically but by powers. This approach is not helpful to a clear picture and there is overlapping between the treatment of Russo-Mongol, Sino-Mongol and Nippo-Mongol relations. Despite the unsatisfactoriness of this method the work is a useful contribution to our knowledge of an area where Russian, Chinese and Japanese imperialisms clashed, and it is unobscured by political bias or national prejudice. The bibliography is rich and comprehensive and the appendices include—besides the new Constitution of the Mongolian People's Republic (promulgated on June 30, 1940)—a chronology of events and a Who's Who of personalities referred to. On the debit side one must regret an inadequate index and some inconsistency in the spelling of Russian names: the ending "sky" at times appears as "skii"; to the English ending "ich" the French "itch" is sometimes preferred, and General Zhilinsky's name is given the German form of "Shilinsky". On page 13 "7 million camels" should obviously read 700,000, and the Milyukov's successor was Tereshchenko, not "Tereshenlov" (p. 116).

The author avoids drawing any conclusion from his study and rarely ventures on a judgment. Not so Professor Owen Lattimore, who contributes an important introduction and has no doubt that Mongolia profited more by unbroken association with Soviet Russia than Turkey and China did by first associating with the U.S.S.R. and then breaking away. "Mongolia came through the years of the rise of Hitler and Japanese militarism with less suffering, bloodshed and economic loss than any country in Asia," says Mr. Lattimore, adding: "This good fortune would have been impossible without the close association with Russia." China has now the "good fortune" to be again closely associated with Russia; but who can tell that it is all for the good of the Chinese people? And has Turkey anything to regret that it is not a people's democracy Mongolian style?

REDUCING INFANT MORTALITY

BY G. F. MCCLEARY

THE striking reduction in infant mortality achieved in this country since the end of the last century is one of the greatest triumphs of social amelioration. In the five years 1896-1900, the deaths of children under one year per 1,000 live births in England and Wales numbered 156. A steady decline then began, and by 1931-1935 the corresponding number had dropped to 62. In 1941-1945, despite the war, it was 50 ; in 1948 it was 34 and last year 32.

It is well to bear in mind what these figures mean in the relief of human suffering, for each baby death is a tragedy "brackish with the salt of human tears." Yet in the early years of the century it was not uncommon to come up against people who viewed the reduction of infant mortality with concern, fearing that many of the lives saved in the first year were those of "unfit" babies, destined by nature for an early death, and rescued from the perils of the first year merely to succumb in the later years of childhood. Such misgivings may still be heard ; and we may suspect that they are expressions of a tacit belief that in considering the deaths of little children there is something to be said for Clough's satirical modern version of the sixth commandment :

Thou shalt not kill, but need'st not strive
officially to keep alive.

The reports of the Ministry of Health, however, give no indication that harm is done by preventing babies from dying. On the contrary, they show that the steep, almost precipitous, drop in the mortality of infants has been accompanied by an equally steep drop in mortality in the later years of childhood.

It is a remarkable fact that although during the second half of the nineteenth century the general death rate in this country steadily went down, there was no similar reduction in the rate of infant mortality, which in the last ten years of the century actually increased. In 1899 the deaths of children under one year per 1,000 births in England and Wales were no fewer than 163—the highest annual infant mortality rate ever recorded in those countries. In the summer of that year I was working as locum tenens for general medical practitioners in various industrial areas, and was appalled by the

high mortality of hand-fed babies from diarrhoea. That summer was, it is true, exceptionally hot, but at the turn of the century the mass slaughter of babies by diarrhoea had long been, in greater or lesser degree, a tragedy of annual recurrence. Summer after summer in the industrial areas hand-fed babies became "pestilence stricken multitudes"; and summer after summer the undertakers had to produce their seasonal output of small coffins. Yet great and encouraging advances had been made in public hygiene—in what may, broadly, be described in Kipling's words as: "Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess." Britain was a much cleaner and healthier country at the end of the nineteenth century than she had been fifty years earlier. The expectation of life had gone up, mortality had gone down.

But not the mortality of infants—children under one year. Infant mortality seemed a special problem needing special measures for its solution. It was necessary to break new ground in the field of public health administration.

In those days the modern agencies of the maternity and child welfare movement did not exist in this country. There was no notification of births nor State registration of midwives. There were no maternity and child welfare centres, no antenatal clinics, no trained health visitors. The specialized attack on infant mortality, which in varying degree has since been developed in all western countries, is a movement of the twentieth century.

In this important development of public health administration we in this country owe much to French initiative and example. During the last decades of the nineteenth century, the preservation of infant life became widely regarded in France as a question of national importance. It was largely owing to the decline in the French birth rate. The official French vital statistics, which go back to 1800, show that from that time the birth rate had gone down to such levels that by the end of the century the annual number of deaths in many French departments exceeded the births. The shrinkage in the number of French babies was accompanied by a steady infiltration of foreigners; and it was feared that it might be impracticable to weld this growing alien element into the great historic structure of French culture and tradition, which under the combined influence of French willed sterility and alien immigration might slowly disintegrate, imperceptibly and unnoticed, until revealed by some national disaster. In 1899 Emile Zola, the best-selling writer of his time, published his famous novel, *Fécondité*, in which he attacked with immense power what he regarded as a prevailing French ideal—the limitation of the family to one or two children. The book had an enormous sale, but seemed to have no effect on the French birth rate.

There was, however, another way by which something might be done to check depopulation—by preserving the lives of the diminishing number of babies that were being born. In this work the most influential pioneer was Dr. Pierre Budin, a famous *accoucheur*, who in 1892 at the Charité Hospital, Paris, established the first *Consultation de Nourrissons*, an agency which, with some modifications, has since become known in Britain as the “Maternity and Child Welfare Centre”, and in America as the “Well-baby Clinic”. Budin’s consultation was open to mothers confined at the hospital, who were encouraged to bring their babies there regularly for his supervision during the first two years after birth. Breast feeding was encouraged, but when this was impracticable the mother was supplied with sterilized cow’s milk for her baby either gratuitously or at nominal cost. In 1893 a somewhat similar consultation was opened at the Belleville Dispensary, Paris, by Dr. Gaston Variot, an eminent children’s specialist. In 1894 Dr. Léon Dufour, a general medical practitioner at Fécamp, established a consultation in that town open to any mother who wished to attend. Dufour called his consultation a “*Goutte de Lait*,” a name that appealed to the public and helped to increase the popularity of these institutions, which spread widely in France and to other countries. A British version of the *Goutte de Lait* was introduced into this country by the St. Helens Corporation after a deputation had inspected Dufour’s consultation at Fécamp. The St. Helens type of *Goutte de Lait*, which was called an “Infants’ Milk Depot”, was opened in August 1899, and in the following year a similar depot was opened by the Liverpool Corporation. In 1901 the Battersea Borough Council, on my recommendation as medical officer of health, decided to establish an infants’ milk depot, the first in London, and it was opened in June 1902.

Early in the century the infant welfare movement had made so much progress that the first international congress of infant welfare workers was held in Paris, in October 1905. The President of the congress was Monsieur Etienne, Minister of the Interior, and I had the honour of being one of the vice-presidents. The congress was attended by delegates from the following countries : Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Cuba, Egypt, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey and the U.S.A. The British Government was not represented, but three British local health authorities sent delegates. Glasgow was represented by Bailie W. F. Anderson and Dr. A. K. Chalmers, Huddersfield by Alderman Broadbent and Dr. Samson Moore, and I represented Battersea. There were ten other British members. The proceedings of the congress were reported in full and published in a volume of 480 pages.

The Paris congress had an important influence on the development of the infant welfare movement in this country. The British members were so much impressed by the enthusiasm with which the problems of infant mortality were being attacked in France that on our homeward journey from Paris we addressed a round robin to Anderson and Broadbent, respectively Convener of the Glasgow Public Health Committee and Mayor of Huddersfield, asking them to move their respective authorities to organize a national conference on infant mortality to be held in London in the following year. There was an immediate response, and the conference was held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on June 13-14, 1906, under the patronage of Their Majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. This conference, the first of many annual conferences, was highly effective in rousing public interest in infant welfare, and marked an epoch in the development of the maternity and child welfare movement. It is interesting to recall that it was engendered in a railway carriage in northern France in October 1905.

The discussions at the conference established the principle that for the preservation of infant life it was not enough to rely upon extending the great improvements in environmental hygiene that had done so much to bring down the general death rate. It was realized that infant welfare is a question primarily not of general sanitation but of personal care—of what is now called “mothercraft”. The conference was therefore followed by a rapid spread of agencies for the teaching of mothercraft, the most important being the maternity and child welfare centre, springing from the *Consultation de Nourrissons* founded by Budin in 1892, and health visiting. In this new development of public health work local health authorities and voluntary associations both took part.

The twentieth century attack on infant mortality in Britain owed nothing, in its beginnings, to any initiative from the central health authority. In this field of public health administration, as in many others, the initiative came from a few enterprising local authorities; and the development of the movement would probably have been delayed had it not been for the large measure of local autonomy exercised by British local authorities. It was not until 1914 that the central health authority, the Local Government Board, made government grants available for maternity and child welfare work.

The reduction in infant mortality achieved in this country since the beginning of this century is striking and encouraging, but it affords no ground for complacency. Much still remains to be done. We are not leading in the international race to preserve infant life. In 1948 the number of deaths of children under one year per thousand live births reached the low figure of 34 in England and Wales. But in the U.S.A. the corresponding figure was 32; in Holland it was 29,

in Sweden 23, and in New Zealand 22. Can we do what New Zealand has done ?

The prospect of bringing about further reductions in infant mortality is discussed in the Reports of the Biological and Medical Committee of the Royal Commission on Population in the section entitled "Reproductive Wastage : Abortion, Stillbirth and Infant Mortality,"*, published in May 1950. The Committee believe that "the infant mortality rate could be brought down to a level much lower than the present, perhaps about 20 per 1,000, without any progress in medical knowledge," and they point out that such a reduction would in 1948 have resulted in a saving of 11,000 infant lives in England and Wales. To hasten further reductions in infant mortality they recommend the adoption of certain measures, which they summarize briefly as :

The adequate feeding of expectant and nursing mothers and young children, a higher level of obstetric care and maternal education in child health, the encouragement of family planning, and the extension and improvement of the public child welfare and maternal health service and their co-ordination with the public family doctor service.

Reductions in infant mortality are important not only as records of lives saved from premature death, but because the infant mortality rate is one of the best indications we possess of the hygienic conditions of a given area. With the reductions in mortality have come great advances in positive health. The children of to-day are much healthier and live under much better conditions than the children of fifty years ago. That this is so will not be doubted by the social workers whose memories go back to the days of high mortality, and who from contemplation of the past may return with renewed confidence to work for the future.

(Dr. McCleary was formerly Chairman of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare and of the National Association of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres.)

* H.M. Stationery Office. 1s. 6d.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS

BY JOSHUA C. GREGORY

COPERNICUS began, Galileo continued, and Kepler consummated the deposition of the earth from the centre of the solar system, and of the universe. According to Bertrand Russell, Copernicus should have humbled human pride, but the triumphs of science revived it ; according to others, human pride has been humbled. The deposition might destroy any simple-minded gratification in being at the precise geometrical centre, and still leave much for human pride to cherish. Indignity after indignity, however, has been heaped upon poor little *terra*. It has been deposed from the centre, reduced to an astronomical speck, and degraded by Sir James Jeans to "a sort of final ash from the combustion of the universe." The cosmic course, apparently, produced us, and threw us heedlessly on to a perambulating cinder. This tiny "inert ash" may have some dignity if it is the only place in the universe where daisies grow.

"The idea of a creature more intelligent than ourselves is of course inconceivable" : Dr. Darlington seems to claim a very lofty recompense for our humble astronomical position, though he may stress the "inconceivable" rather than actual existence. Man is, at any rate, rational enough to imagine other inhabited worlds, and to realize his humble position on a circulating cinder. The bit of inert ash under his foot is unique indeed if it is the only garden in the cosmos and carries what Hocking calls man—a "unique creature" in an infinite universe.

Man can be glad to be on tiny temperate *terra* if he has a unique vantage point for surveying the universe. In 1601 Nicholas Hill, strangely in our eyes, credits the sun, and stars, with inhabitants. Gravitation is not yet understood when he conjectures giants on the sun, and pygmies on the moon. The greater the globe, the less the animal on it must be to be mobile ; the Brobdingnagians are probably too big even for the small earth. Solar astronomers, veritable super-salamanders, can be expositionally, though extravagantly, supposed to be lynx-eyed enough to watch the waters tumbling over Niagara ; telescopes, spectroscopes, and photographs make their terrestrial counterparts lynx-eyed.

The flowing waters would puzzle the solar astronomers, as the

perpetual pour of fierce radiation from the sun has puzzled those on earth. The explosive atomic bomb, theoretically trained to give a steady stream of energy, has helped to make the solar radiative pour more intelligible. The solar physicists in the fierce furnace of the sun would hardly seem able to refrigerate out any intelligible analogue of water. This hints that terrestrial astronomers can interpret the sun more readily than their solar counterparts can interpret the earth. The latter might have more intelligence and greater resources than ourselves, but the earth may well be a unique vantage point for astronomers. This is speculative, but our roving ash is unique enough to stir human pride if it is the only place in the universe where daffodils grow, poems celebrate them, and intelligent human beings live. This is probable enough if, as Jeans writes in 1928, "any scheme of cosmogony" limits life to "an extremely small corner of the universe." In 1930, however, he recognizes the possibility of extra-terrestrial life, though probably only on "a few planets". When Dr. Grant McCollay, in 1936, closes down this bare possibility, *terra*, though astronomically a piece of cool residual ash, appeals to human pride as the only garden, the only menagerie, and the only dwelling place of intelligent beings in the whole cosmos. This is so if the "doctrine of the plurality of worlds is now a pleasant myth."

Science, however, has one cold douche for human pride. "In the medieval world," writes Bertrand Russell, "the earth was the centre of the heavens, and everything had a purpose connected with man." If the earth is a rare chance, and life itself an accident, as Jeans suggests in 1928, man drops from an aim of a sedulous cosmic purpose to a casual product of the cosmic course.

In 1929 Sir Arthur Eddington presumes a conveniently expository first cosmic moment in a "primeval chaos". Positive and negative particles wander in it, tiny in themselves, and *aimless* in their solitude. As time, through millions of years, makes the present universe, the fashioning begins with *casual* aggregations, and often includes "a rare accident" in the "wide playground for chance." Eddington may not intend to insist on complete cosmic chance, as Jeans, though he calls life "the end of a chain of by-products" and an apparent "accident", denies the chance origination of the universe "out of its present ingredients" and repudiates the "fortuitous conception" of it. Much science, however, inclines to the casual drop of the solar system from the cosmic course, and to the casual drop within it of an earth casually fitted to evolve man. Winds favour our sails, writes Ben Jonson, and trees shade us without any friendship or courtesy, for they are necessarily what they are. So the cosmic course seems to much science to have tossed *terra* out accidentally without intending to produce or benefit human beings.

Eddington brings the cosmic performance to the prepared earth, and leaves the rest to the mechanists and vitalists. All life on earth is now frequently presumed to have evolved from a fortuitous produced protein ancestor, or set of ancestors. Details, such as the role of nucleic acid in the activity of proteins, need not trouble the main issue. Mottram uses a calculation by Leathes, and this can exemplify any such derived mathematical odds against a fortuitous protein. Aminoacids, Leathes calculates, can be linked into "quite a simple protein" in 10^{48} different ways. Such enormous mathematical odds against the actual competent protein being produced by chance, without any directiveness or purpose, seems to sweep away the possibility of a fortuitously produced protein ancestor. The mathematical bludgeon against presumed fortuitousness, however, is less formidable than it appears.

All mathematically possible combinations may not be physically possible, for many may be too unstable, but, apart from this, a pack of cards deflates the mathematical odds. As it lies, shuffled and cut, in the dealer's hand, the order of the cards and the routine of the deal predetermine the distribution into four hands. A misdeal can be ignored. The mathematical odds against the actual fall are, approximately, 5×10^{28} —the approximate number of possible deals. When the cards have fallen, it is futile to urge the odds against the fall. So, when the protein ancestor has been fortuitously produced, without intention behind it, it is equally futile to urge the original chances against it. The dealt pack goes far beyond Agathon's saying, reported by Aristotle: it is probable that many improbable events will happen. Since there are enormous mathematical odds against each fall of the cards, it is certain that the actual fall will be almost incredibly improbable. The analogy, though not perfect, shows that man *may* be a casual product of a fortuitously produced protein. It is, at least, not irrational to regard man as humbled from a purposed care of the cosmic course to a casual product of a casually contrived circulating cinder.

According to Sir James Jeans, in 1943, early astronomy put the earth in the centre through defective knowledge, lack of imagination, and self-esteem. According to Anaxagoras, about the middle of the fifth century B.C., on other earths men live in cities, cultivate fields, gather produce, have a sun in their heavens, and see a shining moon, just as on our earth. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Christian Huygens, the discoverer of Saturn's rings, still credits each planet with a civilization analogous to our own. The notion of other worlds, or earths, similar to our own and inhabited by beings like ourselves, has always appealed powerfully to human imaginations. Defective knowledge allowed Anaxagoras to gratify this appeal, and it still permitted Huygens. The atmosphere of

Jupiter, for instance, contains ammonia, marsh gas, and possibly much hydrogen and helium, as well as some inert gases. If Huygens had known this and other facts, he would have altered his discussion of planetary climates, flora, and fauna.

Self-esteem did not prevent the imaginative peopling of the solar system, or the cosmos, with beings comparable to ourselves. It did not prevent Philolaus, about the time of Anaxagoras, from praising the moon. She excels the earth, he thinks, in her longer day, in the greater size of her plants or animals, and in their greater beauty. The main astronomical arguments for a central earth were largely physical—as in Ptolemy during the second century. Any deposition of the earth from the centre involved its rotation to explain the movements of the stars, or the sequence of day and night. Even now a man standing still in a park may find it difficult to believe that he, a tree, and a cat perched on its bough are whirling violently round. Custom and mechanics now make credible what seemed incredible to Ptolemy, and, again in the early seventeenth century, to Sir Francis Bacon. Copernicus offended him more, as he offended others, by his rotating earth than by deposing *terra* from the centre, or by lowering human dignity.

The Roman poet Lucretius, in the first century B.C., following Epicurus, affirms an infinite universe, an infinite number of earths, suns, moons and oceans, and, in these other worlds, other breeds of men. The “innumerable worlds” of Epicurus, St. Augustine notes in the fifth century, arise from casual purposeless concourses of atoms. Some men, St. Augustine knows, ascribe “all their worlds” to God’s hand. In this, Dr. Grant McColley suggests, the doctrine of God’s plenitude is, at least, beginning. The plenitude of God, the idea that God exerts his power to the full, when freely admitted, involved the creation of many inhabited worlds, even an infinity of them, instead of one only. The imaginative appeal of a universe peopled by inhabited earths was given free scope by defective knowledge. St. Augustine himself, however, opposed the plurality of worlds, and the Christian doctrine of one created central earth, the dwelling place of one single race to be saved by Christ, based on Holy Writ, firmly checked deductions from the plenitude of God, but the plurality notion, though constantly repressed by Christian opposition, remained vigorous. During the seventeenth century the imaginative appeal of many inhabited earths secures a vogue for the belief. McColley notes how both the plenitude doctrine and new astronomical discoveries prompt the belief, though there are dissentients. The plenitude of God, urges Bishop Wilkins, makes his creation of other worlds probable, for this magnifies his glory, though, according to others, man is the unique object of the Atonement. Ralph Cudworth appeals to the new astronomy. Through this, he says, the

existence of other habitable worlds than our own is shrewdly suspected. The reduction of the earth to a planet did in fact suggest other planetary inhabited earths, but in the seventeenth century there is already a hint that increasing knowledge is destined to handle the imaginative belief roughly.

The moon, which had so often seduced men to people her, was the first victim—not to mention the sun. A waterless moon, Huygens realizes, cannot support life, so he excludes her from the civilizations of the solar system. Erasmus Darwin, in the later eighteenth century, amusingly manifests the contest between imaginative desire and increasing knowledge; the moon, he admits, has no atmosphere to nourish plants or animals, but, he hopefully adds, she may get one. Then increasing knowledge sweeps away the cosmic community of inhabited worlds until Jeans can suspect, about 1930, that there are very few, and perhaps only one.

The plenitude of God becomes an obsolete argument, and increased knowledge virtually restricts human life, or any analogue of it, in the solar system, to the earth. Though there may be rudimentary life on Mars, present probabilities are against any extra-terrestrial rational beings in the solar system. This very minor restriction, however, has not prevented a remarkable return to the old Lucretian breeds of men scattered through an infinite universe.

Aesop's housewife, recorded by Sir Francis Bacon, expected to double the lay of her hen by doubling the feed, but the bird grew fat, and laid no eggs at all. Inversely, after increasing knowledge has excluded other inhabited worlds from the cosmos, further knowledge has restored them. The imaginative vision of many earths similar to our own and inhabited by beings like ourselves, has flourished on defective knowledge, waned as knowledge increased, and again been ecstatically renewed by still more knowledge. This whirlgig of time is evident, for example, in Dr. Martin Davidson's *The Stars and the Mind* (1947). It is evident again, very evident, in a broadcast by Mr. Fred Hoyle and Dr. C. D. Darlington, reported in *The Listener* for July 21, 1949.

Our solar system lies within the huge bun-shaped Milky Way, or galaxy of stars. The ancient atomists guessed an infinite universe; modern astronomy, on more data, surmises an infinity of galactic systems. The actual origin of the solar system has been variously presumed, and Mr. Hoyle discusses a recent explanation, but the actual mode of formation is irrelevant to the suggestion by simple analogy that there are many solar systems like our own, and many planets inhabited like our earth within them.

In dealing cards any fall seems bound to recur if the number of falls is infinitely greater than 5×10^{28} . Within our own galaxy, Mr. Hoyle suggests, life is possible in about 1,000,000 planetary systems.

Since, he adds, about 100,000,000 galaxies are observable, analogy infers about one hundred billion planetary systems, each containing a habitable "earth". This again is only a "fragment of a homogeneous infinite universe." Unless life originated on earth by an "incredible fluke", he urges, it "must be scattered prolifically throughout the universe." Any special fall of the cards will recur infinitely if the deals are infinite. Mr. Hoyle may claim a broadcaster's privilege to be facetiously serious when he carries the fortuitous multiplication to an ecstatic length. *Every event* in a universe infinite through space and time must often be repeated somewhere. Another Hoyle, says Hoyle as he broadcasts, somewhere in the universe, is doing what I am doing. This, if serious, seems even more ecstatic than the infinite universe, infinite earths, and infinite breeds of men of Lucretius. Again the whirligig of time has come right round. The notion of infinite recurrence has constantly fascinated, and infinite repetition has been said to be the only permanence. Terrestrial analogies suggest that the other Hoyle would not speak in English. Dr. Darlington somewhat softens the rigour of Mr. Hoyle's repetitions by speaking of possible pseudo-men and pseudo-women. Their language, he suggests, may differ from ours, and mating between the species may be imperfect. Dr. Darlington contemplates different courses for evolution on the various "earths"; the cosmic menageries, gardens, and gardeners may not repeat one another exactly.

Imagination, however, has again insisted on a well inhabited cosmos. It had its way when knowledge was very defective, and, though checked by more knowledge, through still more has its way again. To some future broadcaster the present success of the imaginative vision may seem as fantastic as Lucretius has seemed to many, and perhaps to be an irresponsible juggling with infinities. The stars have always stirred deep feelings in human souls, and history reveals clearly the fascination for human minds of a cosmos peopled by many races of men on many earths. The success of this imaginative vision may be a periodic function of extending knowledge; waxing and waning alternately as that knowledge grows.

The ups and downs of the past give no guarantee of this presumptively persistent periodicity, though they suggest it. Meanwhile much modern science, quite heedless of man's dignity, reduces him, as one of an innumerable host, to a casual product of the cosmic course. The plurality of worlds is conceded to insistent imagination, with its inevitable corollary that man is no unique creature, and with the extra shock to his self-esteem of being casually contrived, without thought or care, by a conscienceless cosmos.

(The author is Honorary Lecturer in The History of Science at Leeds University.)

THE FUNCTION OF HISTORY

BY M. R. D. FOOT

READERS of the weekly reviews will be glad to see in Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's latest volume* a number of pieces which are likely to have attracted their attention in *The Times Literary Supplement*, the *New Statesman* or the *Listener*. A book review loose is a nuisance ; securely bound, it is accessible but out of the way. Here then thirty-five of Mr. Taylor's occasional pieces are assembled in a convenient and indeed attractive form. Half of them deal with the affairs of the last twelve years ; they suffer a little on grounds of time, though a preface explains that some broadcasts which the author would gladly have included in his own defence against Mr. Herbert Morrison "seemed too dated to stand reprinting." There is an able pamphlet, for example, in defence of the Yugoslav claim to Trieste ; unanswerable in its logic as it was written in 1945, but pointless after 1948. Its carefully chosen premises make it clear that Trieste was never a useful port for Italy, and that its proper function was to be the maritime outlet for Slovenia, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Hungary. The quarrel between Yugoslavia and the Cominform ensures that, if Trieste comes into Yugoslav hands, it will be unable to perform much of its proper commercial function. The grounds of international morality on which Mr. Taylor also rests his claim for cession remain, of course, as valid as ever, and the recent postscript to his pamphlet reiterates them in accordance with a principle he lays down elsewhere in this book : "the intellectual more than others should have simple principles and should stick to them."

He says nothing in his postscript of the break between Marshals Tito and Stalin. This is analysed with his usual provocative vigour in his next chapter. "Communist parties are not organizations for welfare : they are organizations for power." "Communism is a great secular religion ; it aspires to be a universal church and offers to everyone the choice only of conversion or extermination—just like Islam or the Roman Church in its days of supreme power." Some analogies with the Reformation are worked out in entertaining detail, and we are left to ponder this : that "the best thing for us and for the world in general is that we should be America's Tito." Originally this chapter was delivered as a broadcast. It deserved printing much

* *From Napoleon to Stalin* : comments on European history. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

more than a regrettable account of Lord John Russell, also first published by the B.B.C., which attributes to him alone much of the work of Chadwick, Cobden, Peel and Palmerston.

With this exception, the historical articles are on the whole more satisfying than the contemporary ones. There is a shrewd analysis of the Germany of the last Kaiser ("What ruled at last in Berlin was the will of the German people for power."). The passages on 1848 are illuminating, and on Bismarck revealing ("The history of modern Europe can be written in terms of three Titans: Napoleon, Bismarck and Lenin. Of these three men of superlative political genius, Bismarck probably did least harm."). Mr. Taylor does not hide his Russophil and Francophil tendencies, nor his disdain of liberal statesmen of any country. Here he is working on lines which would be agreeable to Professor Namier; though unfortunately he has not followed the latter's example in adding to his articles any of the apparatus of scholarship which cannot be provided in journals that do not print footnotes, though it is permissible, indeed necessary, in a serious book. That Mr. Taylor, for all his celebrated pungency of aphorism, can master the dullness of the reference note is demonstrated by some of his earlier work. There is no need to look farther back than the January 1950 number of the *English Historical Review* to see him at his driest, in an article on the "Prelude to Fashoda". Learning of the same quality could have been applied with advantage to the "Fashoda" chapter (I. xi) of the work under review, which betrays both carelessness of chronology and an irritating tendency to hang great events upon small ones that will not bear their weight.

However, the question that must occur to any reader of *From Napoleon to Stalin* is: is this really all that the history of Europe for the last 150 years has been about? The answer is plainly, no. Here is the defect of a work of the type that Mr. Taylor has put together. Obviously, he has only been able to review such books as have lately been published, and such subjects as editors and Broadcasting House have found topical. This inevitable cramping in has kept him from covering much of the field that his title and sub-title would seem to indicate.

What are the matters that ought to be dealt with in a general survey of this field? The machinery of international relations is certainly one of them. Telegraph, typewriter and telephone have transformed it during Mr. Taylor's period, though its broad structure remains the same. Independent powers continue to exchange ambassadors with the rank of a sovereign's representative, whose lives continue to be spent in part on formal interchanges of more dignity than significance, in part on conversations with each other, and with the minister for foreign affairs of the country to which

they are accredited, in which the gravest decisions may be taken, and of which the content has to be remembered by each participant for record in a despatch. The despatch may be published many years later, for the Mr. Taylors of the time to form their view of the speakers. Informal relations continue beside the formal ones ; informal missions—Haldane in Berlin, Runciman in Prague—may overshadow official ones, and informal instructions are always available for envoys abroad in the shape of private letters from their controllers at home. (Lord Salisbury is thought to have conducted his foreign policies more in private letters than in despatches, though Mr. Taylor had no room to comment on this in his broadcast, here republished, on that minister.) The advantage of the private letter over the despatch is that it cannot reasonably be demanded by an inquisitive parliament or press in a coloured book on the course of negotiations that have failed : a point of some importance in an age in which information has come to be demanded as of right.

There is much here for discussion. There is more on the question of the ways in which home policy and foreign policy interact. No country's foreign affairs can be conducted without reference to what is going on at home. Foreign affairs, like all politics, rest ultimately on force, and the proportion of its strength that a nation is ready to divert from the maintenance of its standard of living to its armed forces will depend on the party in power, on its ambitions and on those of the people it represents or represses. This is so clear that it hardly needs to be illustrated ; it is enough to mention the ingenuity with which Bismarck and William II combined artificial crises abroad with agitations to increase the army or the fleet, or the concern with which the Russian experiment seems to have been regarded, between the two great wars, by conservative governments in the rest of Europe.

Moreover, there is the question : what do the peoples say and think about foreign policy ? Plainly this is a big question and, like most questions about nationality, it can easily become unmanageable. It deserves serious and sustained treatment. Mr. Taylor has wisely avoided it here on the whole, though he has thrown in a few remarks such as this : " The reality in the Napoleonic Empire was French national consciousness ; and Napoleon, thinking to found the United States of Europe, became in fact the greatest of French national heroes." He does not touch on one of the trickiest national problems of Europe, that of the Jews, unless he can be accused of ignoring the Jews deliberately when he does not include them among the various subject races of the Continent before 1914. It is a problem deserving some attention, as its importance in the Third Republic and the Third Reich shows. Nor does he mention Ireland. Perhaps he does not count the Irish as Europeans, but their treatment

at English hands since the Act of Union in 1800 provides an example of misunderstanding between master and subject races comparable for fascination and for horror with the treatment of Croats by Magyars or of Bulgars by Turks. The liberation of most of the subject peoples in 1918 served to emphasize rather than to allay the suspicions with which they regarded their neighbours, whether former masters or fellow sufferers.

The only force that might prove stronger than these suspicions is fear of war itself. The retrospective novels about the 1914-1918 war—*The Case of Sergeant Grischka*, for instance, or the *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*—brought out the hopelessness of the soldier in the hands of that callous machine, the modern army. The 1939-1945 war brought hopelessness and helplessness into the lives of several hundred million Europeans. Miss Bowen's *The Heat of the Day* expresses the peculiar desolation of new war for everyone, the sense that all ordered society is on the verge of collapse and all fixed stars have gone out.

The subject needs attention from historians as well as novelists. Mr. Taylor would be the first to agree that politics is the art of the proper application of force. We await from him or from some other contemporary historian of Europe a study of the applications of force that have been made since the fall of that great practitioner of the art, Napoleon. 1848 is in a sense the starting point of Mr. Taylor's studies, and the events of that year in Italy are the subject of his earliest work. No sane man would deny that it was an important year, that in it irreversible steps were taken and history turned a corner. This is still more true of 1914, but the catastrophe of 1914 remains unexplained. The question of war guilt, raised in the press on both sides as soon as fighting began, subject of a pontifical allegation in the Treaty of Versailles which years of subsequent German and American ingenuity strove to rebut, is the most important question in modern history, unless the question of communist revolution be more important still. Mr. Taylor's essays give only passing mention to either.

Such a criticism shows only the inevitable disappointments of this kind of book. If the power of thought and the grasp of history that lie behind its many brilliant passages had gone into a sustained and detailed study of the kind that Mr. Taylor has shown so well he can write, historians would be much more deeply in his debt.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

BY B. EVAN OWEN

IT is an ironical sign of the times that a study of the poetry of the Victorian poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, is an indispensable aid to the appreciation of the work of many of our contemporary poets. With the possible, but by no means certain, exception of T. S. Eliot, no other poet of the last hundred years has exercised such a profound influence upon the development of English poetry. His collected poems were withheld from publication until 1918, nearly thirty years after his death, although odd poems had appeared in sundry collections. During this period many of his contemporaries, including Browning, Swinburne and Tennyson, had been enthroned as major poets by the Edwardian *literati* and securely catalogued in all representative anthologies.

If Robert Bridges is to be censured for delaying publication for so long after the poet's death, the years that have elapsed since their first appearance have been compensatingly fruitful in critical attention to the poems. With the publication last year of the second volume of Dr. W. H. Gardner's centenary commemoration study, a stage has been reached where the cumulative effect of all the criticism demands scrutiny. It is time to sit back from the dissecting table and attempt to view the poet and his work with an integrating eye and an enlarged understanding.

A reviewer in one of the responsible literary periodicals asserted recently that critics of poetry fall into three categories. There is the "macroscopic" critic, who deals in movements, traditions and historical perspectives : C. M. Bowra, for instance, or David Daiches. Then there is the critic of "the middle distance", such as Geoffrey Grigson or Geoffrey Bullough, who "wants to get neither too far away from, nor too uncomfortably close to, his object ; who wants to see it with the eye . . . of the ordinary, intelligent reader." The third kind of critic is the "microscopic" type who deals in detailed analyses of lines, phrases and words.

That Hopkins has attracted the attention of the microscopic critic to a disproportionate extent is due not only to the particular nature of his techniques but also the unwitting disservice rendered by Robert Bridges in his Notes as editor of the 1918 edition :

Apart from questions of taste—and if these poems were to be arraigned for errors

of what may be called taste, they might be convicted of occasional affectation in metaphor . . . , or of some perversion of human feeling . . . , mostly efforts to force emotion into theological or sectarian channels . . .—which few as they numerically are yet affect my liking and more repel my sympathy than do all the rude shocks of his purely artistic wantonness—apart from these there are definite faults of style which a reader must have courage to face, and must in some measure condone before he can discover the great beauties.¹ For these blemishes in the poet's style are of such quality and magnitude as to deny him even a hearing from those who love a continuous literary decorum and are grown to be intolerant of its absence. And it is well to be clear that there is no pretence to reverse the condemnation of these faults . . . to put readers at their ease, I will here define them : they may be called Oddity and Obscurity . . .

Bridges was writing, not as the pedestrian editor of an obscure poet, but as a poet and critic who had been appointed Poet Laureate in 1913, whose authority was respected and whose judgment inevitably set the course for all ensuing criticism. The delay in publication may be accepted as wise in view of the contemporary literary situation in 1889 but his strictures, destined, as Bridges must have known full well, to prejudice the reception of Hopkins's work, cannot be forgiven.

The reviewers of thirty years ago were delighted with the opinions of Bridges set down so concisely to guide their pens and, with few exceptions, repeated in different degrees of intensity the Poet Laureate's views : “. . . a general and pervading eccentricity.” “. . . never far from extravagant ugliness.” “. . . fantastic misuse of the English language.” Even Mr. Middleton Murry, though giving the poems the careful attention we would expect from such an able critic, decided that Hopkins, alas, must remain “a poet's poet.” Thus it was that the label “Odd and Obscure” remained where Bridges had so carefully placed it until 1932, when Dr. F. R. Leavis, with his book, *New Bearings in English Poetry*, ripped it off. It is true that I. A. Richards and W. J. Turner had already lifted the corners with essays challenging the validity of Bridge's critical judgment and that a critic in the *Times Literary Supplement* had a couple of years previously awarded Hopkins the title of “major poet”, but it was Dr. Leavis who dragged Hopkins off the shelf reserved for minor poets and thrust him unceremoniously into the searching light of intelligent criticism :

He was one of the most remarkable technical inventors who ever wrote, and he was a major poet . . . The way in which Hopkins uses the English language contrasts him with Milton and associates him with Shakespeare . . . He is likely to prove, for our time and the future, the only influential poet of the Victorian age, and he seems to me the greatest.

It is an indication of the effect of the legend of Hopkins's obscurity and insignificance upon even such a friendly critic as Dr. W. H. Gardner, that he still views those remarks of Dr. Leavis as containing “an unfortunate touch of exaggeration. Surely Browning and Whitman cannot be dismissed as less influential than Hopkins ; and

surely those two very considerable poets, together with Tennyson, will in future times be of the highest importance to the social philosopher and probably also to the common reader."

Nevertheless, Dr. Gardner's fine work of criticism* underlines at all points everything of importance that Dr. Leavis wrote seventeen years ago. Another whose work on the poet deserves special recognition is Dr. J. Pick. In *Gerard Manley Hopkins : Priest and Poet*, published in 1942, he deals with those critics who have justified their inability to appreciate the worth of Hopkins by sneering at the struggle between the priest, bound by the rigid codes of the Society of Jesus, and the poet who wrote,

The frown of his face
Before me, the hurtle of hell
Behind . . .

Dr. Pick would not deny the struggle, but asserts that out of the struggle was born the sublimation of the poetry. The faith that the Jesuit priest held so fervently gave to him a view of nature balanced firmly between pantheism and crude paganism ; a love of the whole creation that was sacramental and finds precedence in the writings of Duns Scotus and the life of St. Francis of Assisi.

It has been the practice for many of the "microscopic" critics to indulge in a pleasurable brain-teasing game which has probably given academically-minded readers mental stimulation, but has contributed very little to the understanding of Hopkins's particular genius. The first move is to take a more popular sonnet by Hopkins, preferably "The Windhover", and to break it down into tiny pieces for detailed examination with an eye on the findings of the last contestant. Fragmentation destroys the Oddity and the Obscurity ; it also succeeds, in nine cases out of every ten, in destroying the shimmering, transcendental beauty. Only critics of the calibre of Richards, Empson, and Leavis can indulge in this surgical pastime and still retain a comprehension of the whole. The latest example of this type of criticism to reach my notice comes from Dr. S. C. Pepper of the University of California, where he is Professor of Philosophy and Aesthetics. His book, *The Basis of Criticism in the Arts*, is a valuable attempt to formulate a system of criticism free from bias or dogmatism. In view of the excellence of this work it is unfortunate that Dr. Pepper chose such inadequate examples for the exemplification of his system. In order to demonstrate the operation of his theories, Dr. Pepper compares one of Shakespeare's best sonnets : "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . .", with that one of Hopkins's that begins : "I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day . . .", and which, despite its revelation of self-loathing and the poignancy of some of the lines,

* *Gerard Manley Hopkins Vol. II*, by W. H. Gardner. Secker & Warburg. 1949.

cannot be regarded as one of the poet's best sonnets. After a complicated analysis according to his own critical system, Dr. Pepper decides that Shakespeare's sonnet is superior to Hopkins's ; a not very surprising conclusion to an examination that does little to explain either of the sonnets.

There would appear to be no end to this sort of criticism. A new book of "studies in Gerard Manley Hopkins" has been announced for publication. According to the publishers, this will include, once again, "an analysis of Hopkins's famous sprung rhythm and explications of "The Windhover", "The Loss of *The Eurydice*" and "The Wreck of *The Deutschland*"." It is not conceivable that anything of value can be added to the work already carried out on these poems by Dr. Gardner and others, unless it be on "The Wreck of *The Deutschland*", one of the greatest longer poems in the English language.

"*The Deutschland*" has suffered, more than any other single poem in Hopkins's work, from the inadequacies of Robert Bridges. Described by him as "presumptuous jugglery", this startlingly beautiful work had been evaded by the critics until Dr. Gardner, recognizing its true importance, devoted an essay to its study for the English Association. Dr. Gardner's first centenary commemoration volume appeared in 1944 and contained, in the second chapter, an amplification of this essay. The rest of the book is concerned with the morphology of the sonnets ; a study of diction and syntax, themes and imagery ; and with an assessment of the influence of Hopkins on modern poetry. Dr. Gardner explains the theme of his work in the sub-title : "A Study of Poetic Idiosyncrasy in Relation to Poetic Tradition." He shows with painstaking skill, that "Hopkins, at first sight so odd, eccentric, even revolutionary in the matters of style and rhythm, is actually and eminently as legitimate an offspring of the great European poetic tradition as any English poet before him." In this task Dr. Gardner, with the publication last year of the second volume, has succeeded. The complexity of Hopkins is not due to his wilful isolation from the stream of poetic tradition, but to the fact that in his poetry meet and entwine such a great number of important influences from Pindar to Shakespeare, from Donne and Crashaw to Keats and Wordsworth. He was, as Dr. Gardner points out, "a great eclectic who was also eminently creative and original."

With thirty years of criticism behind us, culminating in these two comprehensive and sympathetic volumes, it would appear that the relatively small output of this poet—some hundred and fifty-odd pieces, including many fragments and early poems—has received more than its due measure of attention. It has been established, to the satisfaction of most, that Hopkins is a major poet, but his works still remain a mystery for thousands of poetry lovers. The

avowed aim of many of his critics has been to enable their readers "to understand this puzzling and strangely exhilarating poet." Yet I suspect that the B.B.C. with their recent, and repeated, reading of "The Wreck of *The Deutschland*", has done more towards achieving this aim than all the critics put together.

Hopkins, who wrote to Bridges in protest, " . . . take breath and read it with the ears, as I always wish to be read," has suffered more than any other poet since Milton through the modern practice of silent reading. Poetry is a bardic occupation and poems should be listened to and absorbed in great exhilarating gulps like fine music ; to be received with the combined welcome of all the senses. Instead, to most people, the appreciation of poetry has become esoteric refreshment for jaded intellectuals. The poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins is religious and incantatory ; not only in the sense that he was a Jesuit priest proclaiming a specific and genuinely-held faith, but also in the wider, mystical sense that unites on the same immortal and universal level the poetry of Shakespeare, Goethe, Donne, Milton, Blake, Keats and Rilke. They were all supremely spellbinders, speaking to the soul of man with a clarity that defies the probe of the analyst. The critic can reduce the poem to fragments, all carefully labelled and classified, but he cannot thus discover that which is at the heart of all great poetry and which Hopkins, in an attempt to coin a word which would express the vital quality behind all his creative activity, called 'inscape'.

W. A. M. Peters, himself a Jesuit, served poetry well by the publication of a book in which he examined the meaning of 'inscape' and its importance for the better understanding of Hopkins's poetry. The poet repeatedly indicated that this conception, which he believed to be "the very soul of art," gave purpose and shape to all his work.

"I do not think I have ever seen anything more beautiful than the bluebell I have been looking at. I know the beauty of the Lord by it." This extract from Hopkins's notebooks indicates the profound importance to the poet of his feeling for the "set of individuating characteristics" in the object, for which he created his new word. "Hopkins habitually looked at objects," wrote Dr. Peters, "with the fixed determination to catch what was individually distinctive . . . and universal in them . . . in order thus to arrive at some insight into their essence as individuals . . . Inscape is the outward reflection of the inner nature of a thing . . ."

Gerard Manley Hopkins will grow in stature with the years in so far as his readers submit themselves, through the open gateways of their ears, to the "bright and battering" onslaught of his poetry, and as long as they search for the 'inscape' of every poem to discover for themselves, "the beauty of the Lord by it."

FLETCHER

BY G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

I

When from a tumbled world I trace
My footsteps back to that first place,
I see you, Fletcher, spade in hand,
The genius of the garden stand.

A little wiry man you were,
Bow-legged, much like a terrier :
Sharp of nose and needle-eyed,
With head cocked mostly to one side.

You listened so ; and half way through
A sentence all its purport knew,
While, held in leash, the answering quip
Hung and quivered on your lip.

So many silent hours spent
Alone, 'tis strange you were content,
By some deep opposition bound
To love the slow and patient ground.

Of fruits and flowers you fancied best
Those that had stood a lifelong test.
What better than Victoria Plum ?
Or royal red geranium ?

And well you chose—if man and tree
From Eden take their pedigree—
In garden-politics to live
Most rootedly conservative.

II

Sometimes, with nothing better in our heads,
I and my brothers, tired of holiday,
Would ask to dig with you or weed the beds,
And proud we were your orders to obey.

Or you, when by a happy chance you'd got
 A spare half-hour, would join us at our games,
 And sometimes—we were glad of it—forgot
 To prefix “ Master ” to our Christian names.

Playing at cricket, three or four a side,
 “ Here's W.G.”—my solemn air you teased,
 Or, when I dropped a catch, perversely cried
 “ Cheer up. Why, look ! the other chap is pleased.”

Or, as I climbed in the orchard fearfully,
 A call would sound below me, “ If you fall,
 The ground will stop you,” and a twinkling eye
 Gave comfort that was hardly in the call

Crude words, facetious it may be—yet spoken
 Quickly, merrily, warmly by a friend
 In paradisaal days whose pieces broken
 All the king's men and horses may not mend.

III

O garden-state, O fair
 Society when Man
 And Master in their orbits moved,
 And each the other's place approved
 As very Nature's plan.

Illusion ? Artifice ?—
 The trim-cut lawns were green
 As wildest meadows, and the scent
 Of greenhouse flowers innocent,
 The Fall yet unforeseen.

Indoors, a whisper grew
 Of change, of poor men driven
 In sinful cities to rebel—
 Here in the garden all was well
 Beneath a timeless heaven.

IV

Others, a-goggle at the world outside,
 Might view their betters with Satanic pride,
 Desiring rank and riches for their own.
 You faced the social order with a wink :
 You had no wish to rise, you scorned to sink,

You "knew your place"—and had indeed a throne.

First foot ashore, they say, the Conqueror tripped
 And—happy omen of possession—gripped
 Two fistfuls of loose sand. How small a thing
 Compared with you, whose fingers fastened hold
 On clinging acres of rich garden mould,
 Acclaimed in every inch of it a king !

So we with your retainers, fruits and flowers,
 Paid yearly homage ; and though minor powers
 In pantry and in stable waxed and waned,
 As trembling dynasties of Cook, Maid, Groom,
 In quick succession rose and met their doom,
 You undeposed and undisputed reigned.

THE DREAM-HOLE*

BY DENISE FOLLIOT

There is a bird in every cage,
 Whether of leaf or stone ;
 In every dungeon made with hands,
 Or fragile house of bone.

The cages seem untenanted
 In shadows thick as night ;
 How can the bird be free to sing
 That cannot see the light ?

Custom denies the searching flame :
 The acquiescent eye
 Can see no nearer than the flower,
 No further than the sky.

No mirth, no song, no dream is heard.
 The way is blocked by those
 Who grant the beauty of the stars
 And patronize the rose.

* in wall of belfry to admit light or let out sound. Old English: *dréam*, mirth, music.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS

By K. WESTCOTT JONES

ALTHOUGH marked in red on most maps, the Tonga Islands are not a colony, nor are they part of a dominion. This scattered group of 117 coral islands lying in the Polynesian Pacific about a thousand miles north-northeast of Auckland actually constitute an independent kingdom enjoying British protection within the framework of the Commonwealth. The people have a culture and a written history dating back to the seventh century—well over a thousand years before the coming of the white man. Sculptural and architectural evidence is visible to-day which suggests that an advanced civilization was in being on some of the islands in this part of the Pacific Ocean many years before the birth of Christ.

The origin of the Tongan peoples remains a mystery. Ethnologists are agreed that they are closely related to the Maoris of New Zealand, whose own origins are legendary. A marked similarity between the two languages exists, while many legends and customs are common to both. It is generally believed that when the Maoris undertook their great migration southwards from mythical "Hawaiki" in the distant past, small groups detached themselves from the main body at suitable islands *en route*, and thus Samoa, Raratonga (Cook Islands) and Tonga became peopled by Polynesians. Perhaps there were already natives on these islands in small or even considerable numbers, and the anthropological differences now evident could well have resulted from the extent of weakening the Maori strain was subjected to following local inter-marriage. No-one can say for certain where "Hawaiki" is, and neither Tongans nor Maoris know its geographical location, although their legends and songs place it as a semi-spiritual haven. Recently discovered traces of a Maori war canoe at Washington Atoll among the Line Islands suggests rather definitely that these early Polynesian Vikings were originally inhabitants of the northern hemisphere, and the relative proximity of the Line group to the Hawaiian Islands assists the widely—especially American—held belief that the latter islands were the first home of the Maori race.

The honour of discovering the Tongan group for Great Britain is attributed to Captain Cook, the first European to make contact with the Tongan people. Following his landing from the two ships *Resolution* and *Adventure* in October 1773, he was warmly greeted,

offered gifts and feasted wherever he went. The cheerful nature of the light-skinned people, and the absence of any suggestion of anthropophagy—so pronounced at that time in the Solomons and other Pacific communities—caused him to name the group the “Friendly” Islands, a name which rightly applies to this day. Most of the pigs which roam wild about the smaller islands of the Tonga kingdom at the present day are descended from those which Captain Cook presented to the principal chiefs, but record has it that the wild pigs on Eua—the southernmost island of the group—were there long before Cook; either they were put ashore on the then uninhabited volcanic island by Tasman, who voyaged past there in the mid-seventeenth century, or else they were brought in by the Polynesian settlers, since they are not indigenous to the South Pacific.

Soon after Cook’s third and last voyage, missionaries began to set sail for Pacific waters under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and the first ones arrived in Tonga during 1797. They found the friendly, trusting natives fertile material for religious teaching, and it was not long before they were all converted to Christianity. To-day the Tongan kingdom is solidly religious, with the Free Wesleyan Church predominating, but other sects are well represented, including Seventh Day Adventists and about 250 Latter Day Saints (Mormons). The Free Wesleyan has become the established Church, and the Queen’s religious adviser is a Methodist minister who has devoted forty years of his life to service in the Islands. Taking tea with this “archbishop” of Tonga, I realized his face was vaguely familiar, and discovered that he was the brother of Sir Earle Page, once Prime Minister of Australia. Sunday is indeed a day of worship, and almost everyone goes to all possible services held by their denomination. Sports and pastimes are prohibited on Sundays, all but essential public work is stopped, gaiety and laughter is severely discouraged, and it is actually an offence to carry a camera in the streets or to go on a picnic on the Sabbath. Some of the Churches in the kingdom are rather beautiful, especially the Roman Catholic ones, yet all are the product of Tongan labour closely supervised by single missionaries cut off from basic European materials. In most cases, only the stained glass windows are imported, while the native pandanus is used for roofing, coral for the foundations and outer walls, and coconut palms for multifarious purposes. Many of the Wesleyan Churches are oval shaped, a singularly unattractive picture from outside, but inside they are cool and airy, highly desirable in a tropical climate, and their strict utilitarianism overcomes the lack of elaborate decoration.

Within the last century, the Church has played an enormous part in the life of Tonga, and not only in religious matters. For example, the famous Wesleyan missionary, Doctor Shirley Baker, exerted

considerable influence upon King Tubou I for several years, and in 1880 he became Prime Minister, later following up that office with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Lands. For ten years, Shirley Baker ruled Tonga as the first Minister and power behind the throne, until he was deported by order of the British High Commissioner in the Pacific in 1890. Many pieces of legislation effected by Baker, including treaties, remain to this day, and the establishment of Government colleges is traced to him. He was not universally popular and in 1886 an attempt was made to shoot him. His daughter threw herself in front of her father, and was seriously wounded, while he escaped unhurt. Miss Shirley Baker lives in Tonga on the Island of Ha'apai at the present time, and the bullet meant for her father is still embedded in her body. I had the pleasure of meeting her recently, and although she is nearly ninety years of age, in failing health from two strokes, her mind and wits are active and undimmed. All the Baker family have been buried in Tonga, and Miss Baker—who, except for a nephew in England, is the last of the line—has already prepared her mausoleum close to the family vault outside the village of Pagai on the Ha'apai main island. A monument to Dr. Shirley Baker has recently been constructed nearby to commemorate his undoubted influence—even if not all good—on the history of Tonga.

The system of government existing in the Friendly Islands is particularly interesting, and has been described effectively as “a limited democracy with a feudal basis.” The Constitution of 1875 defined the government as a limited monarchy following the English system, but there are definite variations in practice. The sovereign (at present Her Majesty Queen Salote Tubou) rules on the close advice of a privy council of eight, all appointed by the Queen. The current privy councillors are the Speaker of Parliament, The Premier, The Ministers of Lands and Police, the Governors of Ha'apai and Vava'u (the two main island groups outside the capital), and two Europeans—the Chief Justice and the Treasurer.

The Cabinet, next in authority, is composed of the same officers of State as the privy council with the exception of the Queen and the Speaker of Parliament. Then comes Parliament proper, which meets once a year for a session lasting usually about one month. Its Members are the Speaker and all the Cabinet, seven nobles elected by the 33 hereditary nobles of the kingdom, and seven representatives elected by male taxpayers over the age of 21. The recurring mention of the senior officers of State throughout the three links in the chain of administrative power will be noted. Another interesting point which serves to illustrate the somewhat cynical definition of “limited democracy” is that the Premier is the Queen's eldest son, Prince Tungi, while the Governor of Vava'u (another appointed privy

councillor) is Prince Fatafehi Tupelehaki, her younger son. Furthermore, the Governor of Ha'apai, a noble named Ahome'e, happens to be Prince Tungi's father-in-law.

Following the Treaty of Friendship and Protection with Britain, signed in 1901, the British Consul in Tonga has the power of veto over a number of measures of legislation, including those concerned with finance, but he is at the same time the guarantor of peace and financial stability. Tonga has no national debt, but she has investments totalling over a quarter of a million pounds Sterling in British and Colonial Government stocks, for the safety of which the Consul, and the European Treasurer on the spot, are obliged to appear responsible.

Governmental decrees are mainly sagacious, and the administration benevolent. Most Tongans seem to be happy and contented; there is no unemployment, and reasonable prosperity has long been enjoyed by the islanders—intensified recently by the current high price for copra. A rather useful scheme which has been in operation for many years is that by which all Tongan males over the age of 16 years become entitled to lease from the crown eight acres of land in the country districts, and a quarter acre in the town or village of residence. These acres have to be planted and cared for, and are subject to supervision by the Ministry of Lands. On no account must more than 200 coconut palms be raised on one acre—a wise precaution, since many Pacific Islands are suffering from overcrowding of trees and consequent soil deterioration. Further acres may be rented by ambitious producers at a charge of eight shillings per acre per year. The present price paid to the islanders for their copra is £46 Sterling per ton, and a nine-year contract with the British Ministry of Food, which does not expire until 1958, ensures that the price will not fluctuate by more than ten per cent. each year. No secondary industries exist in the kingdom, and apart from the export to New Zealand of a small number of decidedly fat bananas annually, the main business is concentrated on copra, which is consequently lining the Tongans pockets far more rapidly than consumer goods can be brought in to tap the growing purchasing power.

Actually the only Pacific people to have increased in numbers following contact with the white man, full-blooded Tongans now number a little over 34,000, which, together with 350 half-castes, 143 Europeans, and about 65 Asiatics, make the total population of the Tongan kingdom. Approximately 14,000 persons, including most of the whites, live in or around the capital, Nuku'alofa, situated rather pleasantly on the trade-wind cooled main Island of Tongatabu. The two other important island groups—Vava'u and Ha'apai, both well to the north—account for about 16,000 more people, equally divided,

while the remainder are scattered about the outflung volcanic islands, where they live in villages nestling rather precariously against the steep slopes of dormant—sometimes startlingly active—volcanoes. 1,250 intrepid persons used to gain a living on the frequently erupting Island of Niua Fo'ou, well known to the world's philatelists by reason of the Tin Can Mail stamps, a special issue for letters and packages from Niua Fo'ou, which had to be swum out, enclosed in canisters, beyond the reef to an infrequent mail boat. The island was evacuated a few years ago, however, owing to the extensive ruination of the terrain by a severe eruption and earthquake. Since they are squarely set amid the Pacific earthquake belt, these unpleasant upheavals occur several times a year with varying degrees of severity on most of the islands in the group, but loss of life and damage to property is usually small.

One well known phenomenon in the Tonga Group is Falcon Island, the "jack-in-the-box" island of the Pacific, which has disappeared several times in the last hundred years. It rose from the deep in 1927 and is still visible, but may erupt and vanish beneath the waves at any time, since its "average life-span" has nearly expired. Naturally it is not inhabited, although it has often been visited by scientists, fishermen, and occasionally by members of the Tongan Government. Hurricanes sometimes sweep this region during the December to April season, and probably do more damage, especially to plantations, than the other disturbances in the islands.

Education is well developed in the kingdom of Tonga. The native who cannot read and write at least his own language is a very rare exception, while a high percentage can speak, read and write English and Fijian as well. Primary education is free and compulsory up to the age of 14 years, and in addition there are Government colleges for boys, with girls' Wesleyan or Roman Catholic colleges, for higher education up to 18 years. Most of these colleges have European principals but maintain a fair staff of Tongan tutors. I was impressed by a visit to the Wesleyan girls' college on the Ha'apai main island and especially by the examination papers for end-of-term work which I was shown. The fifth form was then approaching matriculation standard, and I was astonished at the accuracy and detail of the history papers—the more so that they are written in English, a language the girls had only commenced learning a few years before, in surroundings where they can only hope to contact three or four English-speaking Europeans in a year. This particular college was visited by Her Majesty Queen Salote in September 1948, when she gave her middle name, Bilolevu (meaning 'a great chalice') to it, and now there are 98 pupils. A somewhat similar, although not quite so large, college exists on Vava'u Island, to which the royal Governor recently gave the name of his baby daughter, Suiliku-

topou. There are several colleges in and around Nuku'alofa, the capital, and Tubou College, Government-maintained, for boys, is becoming well known among the Pacific islands. Star pupils are sent on to universities in Auckland and Wellington, or even in some cases, to Sydney. Boys showing an aptitude for medicine are encouraged to go to Suva (capital of the Fiji Islands) for a four-year course at the British-run medical school. When qualified, they return to Tonga and practise, or take up hospital appointments as T.M.P.'s, the Tongan equivalent to the Assistant Medical Practitioners found all over the Pacific.

Despite modernization and generally advanced ideas, Tongans seek to preserve their own native customs to an extent that seems to many European minds enigmatical. For example, bare feet are the rule, except for royalty and nobles, who may wear sandals if desired. Thus Australian—or New Zealand—educated doctors, lawyers and police inspectors in handsome cars, all with bare feet, tend slightly to jolt European visitors. All true Tongans adhere faithfully to their native dress, which consists of a shirt, with perhaps a coat and tie, and a long skirt-like garment called the *vala*. Around the waist, partly to indicate respect for an elder, or for religion, and also to denote rank, most Tongans wear a strip of coarse coconut matting, varying in width with their status. Even on the few occasions when a noble will wear European dress, such as when the Queen and her retinue make their annual visit to Auckland, this matting—called a *tauvala*—will be prominently displayed. One of the great delights of the people is to gather together for singing and dancing sessions, which often last for many hours. Men and women form teams to enact certain songs and legends, their voices blending most harmoniously while they go through the involved motions required to illustrate the subject of the dance. At these gatherings, the traditional *leis* of flowers are worn around the neck by both participants and spectators, and food is consumed while seated cross-legged on the mats encircling the performers. This custom is probably the only one represented with reasonable accuracy by Hollywood in the South Sea Island films. Sometimes groups of girls alone hold legend-dancing sessions, especially college girls on sports day, when they prepare a dancing feast known as the *Siva-Hiva*. The chief act, or *pièce de résistance* of this function is the famous *Laka-Laka*, which is a rhythmic series of feminine undulations performed while wearing the well known grass skirt. However, I must emphasize that the *Vala* is nowadays worn beneath the grass skirt at all times.

Another interesting ceremony which usually takes place concurrently with a mixed dancing-feast is the preparation and consumption of *Kava*, a particularly nauseating (to European palates) drink made by crushing the roots of a certain indigenous tree to a powder

and adding water to the result. A woman of the village or town makes the drink, under the auspices of the district officer—a highly educated Tongan elected to this mayoral position. It is then poured into coconut gourds and handed for sipping to selected visitors and a few specific participants only. To receive it is considered a great honour, although its violently bitter taste makes it difficult for the average European to show pleasure upon drinking it. So highly is *Kava* regarded that if one should require a great favour, it is only necessary to hand to any Tongan of fairly high station a piece of kava root, and he is automatically obliged to execute the favour. A European of my acquaintance living on one of the main islands desired to have an unobstructed view of the sea, but a native house stood in the way. Simply by offering kava root, he persuaded the owner to move his house fifty yards further west. This involved several weeks' work, since Tongan houses are efficiently and reliably built, with thick pandanus thatching on the roof and sturdy walls and floors.

Tongans excel at most sports, particularly tennis, where their quickness of eye and excellent physique enable them to play up to near Davis Cup standards soon after learning the game. Some football is played, but very little cricket, except among those who have been to Australia, New Zealand, or Fiji for their education. Women never play any game except basketball, which they undertake with immense keenness and competitive spirit. The nine-hole golf course at Nuku'alofa attracts but few Tongans, the leading players being all Europeans. The islanders have no national game of their own, and there is no indication in past history of organized sport until the white man arrived.

Due to the lack of springs and rivers, bird life in the kingdom is scarce, while the fauna generally is inconsiderable except for imported animals such as pigs and goats. There are no snakes in Tonga, but their absence is compensated by the ubiquitous centipede which can, and frequently does, painfully—although not fatally—bite. A fair number of scorpions are also to be found. An abundance of crabs, mosquitoes, copra and toddy bugs render the palm-fringed beaches anything but the tropic paradise depicted by fiction and screen writers, especially in moonlight !

Despite the obvious disadvantages of isolation, tropical heat (relieved only at Nuku'alofa by the cool exposure to the south-east trade wind), and a profusion of insects, Tonga is quite an attractive and interesting country to visit. Of course, it is an almost impossible journey from Europe, and the whole kingdom 'leans' geographically—and economically—upon New Zealand, or did until the recent copra contract. A monthly passenger steamer belonging to the Union Company of New Zealand calls at Nuku'alofa and Vava'u during its round trip from Auckland. In addition, a New Zealand

airliner lands once a fortnight at the remarkably large American war-time airstrip on Tongatabu, about 14 miles from the capital. For inter-island services, the Tongan Government possesses a small passenger-carrying Diesel packet called *The Hifofua* which operates irregularly. Beyond the four big copra ships, usually British, which load among the islands in the average year, there are no other physical communications, which may perhaps help to account for the excellent characteristics and unspoiled good nature of these healthy Polynesian people.

(The author, who was formerly the wireless operator of ships plying between the antipodes and Britain, and who has frequently broadcast and written newspaper articles in Australia, has recently returned from a long visit to the South Pacific.)

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY.

JERUSALEM AND THE UNITED NATIONS

Sir,

Some additions which I made to the proof of my article in the June 1950 number of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* were displaced. The sentences in the first paragraph on page 372, beginning "The Committee of the Council" should have followed the end of the second paragraph on page 376. They should read there as follows: "The Trusteeship Council has completed its work of drawing up the statute, but prudently did not fix any date for its coming into force. The detailed statute indeed already appears to be a work of supererogation, an academic exercise. Before the plan could be referred to the Assembly, the Soviet Union, which had been largely instrumental in carrying the resolution for an international régime, announced that they were no longer in favour of that policy, since they had discovered—rather late in the day—that it was not in accordance with the wishes of either of the two peoples mainly concerned."

In the last month the Government of Israel has put forward fresh proposals for an international authority, appointed directly by the Assembly of the United Nations, which should be concerned with the guardianship of the Holy Places, "and all other related matters of universal religious concern," and it may be hoped that that solution will commend itself to the next Assembly.

Hollycot,
Vale of Health,
London, N.W.3.

Yours faithfully,
NORMAN BENTWICH.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

CHANNEL ISLAND STORY

BY DAVID HUGHES

MOST of us know remarkably little about the Channel Islands ; we know perhaps that they are an old ingredient of the Empire, and we may even be able to reel off the names of the four biggest islands, and say approximately where they are. This is more, very often, than we can say of certain other islands, the Cocos or Keelings for instance.

One of the reasons for our ignorance may be that no satisfactory history book was available. Many good Caesareans as well as certain Guernsey-men and even foreigners have been for some time looking forward to the publication of the new history of Jersey by the honorary librarian of the Société Jersiaise*, and they need not be disappointed. His book is comprehensive, readable and gently witty. We are led lightly through the paleolithic and neolithic ages, during both of which Jersey was inhabited, and thence to the Gauls and the Romans. And here comes the first great shock to our ignorance ; no Caesar appears to have visited Jersey, nor was there even a Roman settlement there. Certainly Roman law and customs were established in the islands, but of actual Romans the island seems to have seen only occasional tax-collectors or statisticians.

One question which presents itself to the uninformed is why these islands, which are so un-English in every way, should nevertheless have remained so firmly British for so long. Visitors are generally at once impressed with the foreign-ness of their surroundings. The inhabitants are Norman in appearance and have French as their second tongue (though it is a speech which might be more easily understood by William the Conqueror than by a

Parisian of to-day) ; the coastlines have a beauty which is much closer to the Brittany to which they were once joined than to Britain to which they owe allegiance ; sales assistants in shops are friendly and obliging in a way which is infinitely more *commerçant* than the "commercial" attitude of England ; the laws of the islands are French rather than English ; and the spirit of litigiousness exists to an extent seldom found over here.

Part of the answer to this question is to be found in another book†, which deals with the history of the islands under the Tudors. Mr. Eagleston wrote from the "London" point of view. He was head of a division of the Home Office which provides a link between the islands and the Privy Council, and his interest lay mainly in the constitutional issues involved. In the Tudor period, legislation was comparatively unimportant. What mattered was efficient administration in the interests of the kings of England, and to achieve this, particularly at some distance from the capital, it was entirely necessary that government should be by the consent of those who mattered among the inhabitants of the islands. So we find that an English governor of one of the islands may be a most evil-living, corrupt, unscrupulous man, yet may continue in office for a long time unchecked until his interests and those of the leading local families conflict. When this conflict occurs, a set of regulations is issued by the king governing the relations between the one party and the other.

This consent of the leading local families has been an important factor in the history of the islands. There has never arisen that divergence of interests between the local inhabitants

* *A History of the Island of Jersey*, by E. R. Balleine. Staples Press. 30s.

† *The Channel Islands under Tudor Government 1485-1642*, by A. J. Eagleston, published for the Guernsey Society by Cambridge University Press. 21s.

on the one side and Westminster on the other which has led to so much trouble elsewhere. For the Channel Islands have never been ruled by Parliament; only directly by the Crown through the Privy Council; and the Crown has not imposed on the islands the same laws as were passed by Parliament. When Normandy was captured by Philip II in the early thirteenth century, King John retained the Channel Islands not as an outpost of England, but as a remnant of the duchy of Normandy, and he and his successors ruled there not with English but with Norman laws. The ancient customs and rights of the citizens have generally been respected, and existing institutions have been used for legislative and judiciary functions.

This treatment of the islands as places in their own right and not merely as projections of England may be a large part of the answer to why, in spite of many wars between England and France, the Channel Islands have remained British. There is perhaps a lesson here for our rulers, in a comparison with what happened in America and South Africa, and may become in many of our developing colonial territories.

The fact that the Channel Islands are as they are is a result of a good deal of chance and expediency. They were necessary for England as a trading base, as a refuge for shipping in times of war, as an intelligence centre; they were awkwardly far from England and near to France to make it necessary to treat them as they wished, or rather, as their leading families wished.

Democracy as it is now known in England is not far developed in the islands, most of the principal offices being held in a nice balance between persons appointed by the King and islanders acting in an honorary capacity. This of course limits the class of person who can play leading rôles to those who have time and means, and tends towards oligarchy. In the same tendency are the principal sources of

revenue: tourism, agriculture, litigation, immigrants. However, during the German occupation of the islands in the last war, the Jersey Democratic Movement started muttering. Mr. Balleine in an interesting and all too short final chapter tells of the resultant Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Privy Council and of the Reform Acts of 1948, whereby the whole system of representation in Jersey was considerably widened. The next chapter in the island's history should be even more interesting. The islanders are on the average (if not in the mean) better off than their English counterparts both in their finances and in the pleasant tenor of their life. It remains to see whether recent changes in England will reflect themselves in a fashion peculiar to the islands.

BRITISH POLITICS SINCE 1900, by D. C. Somervell. *Dakers*. 15s.

To write a history of British politics during the past fifty years without writing a history of Britain for the period is not easy. Mr. Somervell is conscious of the difficulty. He has aimed at writing "a history of party politics and the ups and downs of party political opinion in the country," using only such parts of general history as were necessary for the elucidation of this theme. For this task he has many qualifications, a lively pen, wide knowledge and an outlook devoid of partizanship, if not always of prejudice. His judgment of political personalities is generally shrewd and impartial. The result is a survey of the mechanics of party politics right down to the last election, which anyone interested in political history is bound to find stimulating and informative.

And yet one cannot help feeling the picture is somehow out of perspective. The foreground is too sharp and the background too nebulous. Imprisoned by the limitations set for him, the author does not attempt to trace the deeper movements, which have transformed the country and with it its politics in the last half-century. The inevitable result

is that his treatment is at times superficial just where some readers would like him to have plunged. He leaves us with little real explanation of the sudden rise of the Labour Party in 1906 or of the strike fever in 1910-1911 or of the Labour victory of 1945. We read of the decline of the Liberal Party, but little about the decline of liberalism. His excursions into foreign politics in the 'thirties are much less well informed than his account of the reactions of the parties and the public to them. The fact is, as he says, that from the first war the traditional game of politics was played out. Though the mechanism of British politics was preserved, they no longer dealt with minor differences between parties broadly agreed upon their conception of the State, but with issues concerning the very nature of society. Diplomacy was no longer the old chess-board diplomacy, but a desperate attempt to bring order to a world in upheaval. Politicians were therefore no longer "the masters of their materials." They could only swim with or against the strong tides besetting them as best they might. Whether a party system on the old lines can be expected to solve the immense crises, which confront it daily at home and abroad, is the question which this book leaves the reader to answer.

HAROLD BUTLER.

MOSCOW MISSION, 1946-1949, by Lieutenant-General Walter Bedell Smith. *Heinemann*. 15s.

After serving as General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff, and as such having had a good deal of experience of some of Russia's leading military personalities, General Bedell Smith was appointed to the Moscow Embassy before and held it during General Marshall's tenure of the State Department. This book is no mere narrative of the author's experiences whilst holding a vitally important but singularly difficult diplomatic post, although it opens with a narrative account of his appointment and his early days as ambassador, but

rather a combination of a series of impressions coupled with a history of some of the most important events connected with his service in Moscow, such as the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers in 1947 and the Berlin blockade. It is an objective, unsensational but deeply impressive document of contemporary history.

At the outset General Bedell Smith contrasts popular expectations in the United States of post-war collaboration with the Soviet Union, which were high, with those entertained by the State Department, which were much less optimistic. His own initial impression, based largely on his wartime experiences with Russian generals, was between these two extremes, but it is apparent, and indeed it is one of the main themes of the book, that he early came to recognize that the State Department's view was in essence correct. "There have been many fluctuations in Soviet tactics during the past twenty years, but the more one studies Soviet statements and policies the more one realizes how fundamental and deep-seated are the basic tenets of Leninism-Stalinism and how antagonistic they are to the aims, desires and hopes of Western democracy." Another recurring theme is the extent to which the present rulers of the Soviet Union are guided by the expansionist ambitions of their Czarist predecessors.

In themselves, however, it is not the main arguments of this book, judicious and well-balanced as they are, that principally give it value, so much as the illustrations by which these arguments are enforced and the sidelights that are thrown on the methods of working of the Soviet governmental machine. While the Lysenko controversy and the drive to harness all scientific and artistic effort to the central purposes of the Communist Party are given due prominence, the limited success of the Soviet attack on religion and the evidence of the interest evoked by American broadcasts in Russian show that there are even bounds to the power of the most rigid of totalitarian organiza-

tions to influence the human mind. General Bedell Smith eschews both easy optimism and supine pessimism. He does not think that the death of Marshal Stalin, whenever that may occur, is likely seriously to affect the stability of the Soviet State, and he rates it as "quite unjustifiable to hope for a change of heart" in the Kremlin. On the other hand he does not believe that Soviet strength in the near future will be equal to that of the western democracies, and he states that: "The best assurance of peace is the strength and determination to support our convictions." The quality of this book makes it not only a valuable (and extremely readable) historical document but a good augury for the survival of the western countries that can produce generals, ambassadors, and writers of this calibre.

W. T. WELLS.

WAYS OF MEDIEVAL LIFE AND THOUGHT, by F. M. Powicke. *Odhams*. 12s. 6d.

Many of the thirteenth century figures treated in this book were as much at home on the Continent as they were in England. Simon of Faversham lectured at Paris before moving to Oxford, of which he became chancellor, and he died on a journey to Rome. Ailred of Rievaulx made the Rome journey. Guy de Montfort, Simon's son and avenger, more French than English, became a great personage in southern Italy. Even though towards the end of the century university populations were tending to become more local in character, the masters of Paris were recruited throughout the west, and the imperial protection granted by Frederick I to "all scholars and especially professors of the divine and holy laws, who are pilgrims for the sake of study," still held good. In

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

THE COLONIAL TERRITORIES. The record of a year's progress of Britain's policy of guiding her dependent territories to responsible self government through the achievement of the basic requirements of strength and vigour, economic independence, knowledge, and administrative ability and experience. [Cmd. 7958] 4s. (4s. 4d.)

KENYA 1948. Describes the social, economic and political life in the Colony during 1948, a year which saw widespread improvement in wage levels, unprecedented immigration and considerable increases in expenditure on social services and education. 3s. 6d. (3s. 9d.)

NATIONAL PARKS AND ACCESS TO THE COUNTRYSIDE. An illustrated account of the long struggle to establish the people's right to enjoy their natural heritage. 6d. (7d.)

Prices in brackets include postage

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

York House, Kingsway, London W.C.2 ; 429 Oxford Street, London W.1. (Post Orders: P.O. Box 569, London S.E.1.); 15A Castle Street, Edinburgh 2 ; 39 King Street, Manchester 2 ; 2 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3 ; 1 St. Andrew's Crescent, Cardiff ; Tower Lane, Bristol 1 ; 80 Chichester Street, Belfast ;
or through any bookseller.

England and in France particularly, was seen the early growth of nations who later were to tear the "seamless robe of Christendom" in shreds, but the western world in the thirteenth century was a reality. It is a long struggle the modern Europe will have, to rebuild another unity as real.

Sir Maurice Powicke is one of the most illustrious of English medieval scholars. His work has ranged from the formidable detail of *King Henry III and the Lord Edward* to the luminous generalization of the famous essay on "The Christian Life in the Middle Ages." That essay was perhaps his most conspicuous gift to the general reading public; it gives them, simply and with a modest eloquence, the gist of the period. The short studies gathered in this book are meant for the wider, less scholarly run of people. They will probably vary greatly in their appeal. The publisher is quite right to claim of Sir Maurice Powicke's handling of the question "Who killed Arthur of Brittany?" that "scholarship has all the fascination of a detective story." On the other hand, "The Origins of France" is an essay in historiography much too stiff for the ordinary reader, and "Reflections on the Medieval State" is hardly easier—it demands a background which few beyond Sir Maurice's own pupils are likely to possess.

The chapters on persons—Ailred of Rievaulx, the "Pirates of Lundy Island", Simon of Faversham—are more generally useful; biography is a popular way into history, though it is well known how hard personal character is to catch in the medieval period. Perhaps the chapters which support the book's popularizing aim best are those on the universities. It was a time when men bent their personalities into the service of communities and corporations; one learns more of the Middle Ages from the behaviour of groups than of individuals and on the whole more can be discovered about them. The place the medieval university made for itself puts that of its

modern successor to shame. At Paris "the regent masters felt that they were the centre and source of the intellectual life of Europe, the spring of the *studium* which refreshed the *imperium* and the *sacerdotium*, and was one of the three functions of the Christian society." There was no failure of universities then to "rise to the height of the times"—as Sir Walter Moberly has been lately urging them to do.

WALTER JAMES.

REGINALD POLE: Cardinal of England, by W. Schenk. *Longmans*. 15s.

BUNYAN MEETING, BEDFORD, 1650-1950, by H. G. Tibbutt. *Published by the Trustees*. 5s.

K. B. McFarlane, in the 1924 Stanhope Prize essay on Pole, remarked that in Reginald Pole, his contemporaries "found an ineffectual Cardinal at the expense of losing a capable editor of Cicero." But in 1950 events have made it easier for us to understand Pole and a general judgment on him—quite apart from the particular judge—would be made in other terms.

The crisis in Pole's life was when, at the age of 30, his cousin and friend, Henry VIII, offered him the Archbishopric of York in succession to Wolsey, provided that he would support the divorce. Pole's acute brain found a means of doing so without violating his conscience, but when he met Henry face to face, he suddenly became tongue-tied. Pressed by the King for an answer, he burst out into a tirade against the divorce and besought Henry to turn back before he had gone too far. Henry lost his temper and with difficulty refrained from striking him; and thenceforth the rift between them—though Henry's attempt to have Pole assassinated and his vengeance in having his mother and brother executed were not immediate—was final.

This stubborn honesty in Pole is the key to his private character. Though his intellect could be as accommodating as Machiavelli's, he could never, when

it came to the point, compromise. Had he wished, he could have become Pope. He was nearly—by a projected marriage with Mary Tudor—King-Consort of England. He did, in fact, as her confessor and as Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury, rule England during the last, sad years of her reign (they died on the same day), after he had absolved England. But his wish was for the life of a quiet scholar. He had a genius for friendship and his happiest years were passed in Italy as a humanist Prince of the Church, with Vittoria Colonna (who was a second mother to him) and her circle. The “King of England’s cousin” could not, however, be allowed to escape into such comparative obscurity. And because the tangle of loyalties was no less bewildering in that age than in this, Pole’s dilemma—and even his failure to resolve—has a curiously contemporary quality.

Dr. Schenk’s book is a brilliant and fascinating sketch. It is doubly welcome because of the sympathy of its approach and because the only accessible life of Pole in England, Martin Haile’s, though a storehouse of information, is almost unreadably dull. Dr. Schenk does not excuse Pole’s weaknesses, but he claims that “owing to his part in the Catholic reform movement, he was able to take a firm stand against the dangers of the modern State. In claiming room for the newly revived religious forces he was bound to set a limit to the insatiable Leviathan. It is this stand that should secure Pole a hearing in our time. There is no other refuge, we have learnt, except religion, but that refuge can become a veritable fortress if it is built with the seriousness and care of men like More and Pole.”

The little history of three hundred years of a famous Nonconformist Church will have interest for the general reader mainly because of its connection with John Bunyan, who joined the Independent Church in Bedford in 1653. During the Protectorate, Bunyan had many disputations with the Quakers in Bedford, but it was

not until 1671 that at a full assembly of the Church “the Congregation did at this meeting with joint consent (signified by solemn lifting up of their hands) call forth and appoint our brother John Bunyan to the pastoral office or eldership.” In 1688, the following entry appears in the Church Book: “Wednesday the 4th of September was kept in prayer and humiliation for this heavy stroke upon us, the death of dear Brother Bunyan.”

But Bunyan’s work continued. His successor, Ebenezer Chandler, held office for 57 years, during which the Church’s finances and stability were improved and even weathered the disapproval felt by Chandler’s marriage late in life to a very young woman. (He partially disarmed his critics by saying: “Give my love to them and tell them I never intend to do so again.”) Another eighteenth-century minister was Joshua Symonds (whose wife was aunt to Charles Kingsley) in whose time there was a split on the subject of infant baptism. One of Symonds’s friends and a worshipper at the Church was John Howard, the prison reformer.

The story of the building of the present Church in 1850 and its subsequent history, as well as that of the village Churches, is told here for the first time.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

HAUNTED ENGLAND, by Christina Hole. *Batsford*. 12s. 6d.

This is a new edition of the spook book which Miss Hole first published in 1940. She has added a note on the manifestations at Borley Rectory, and has re-made the excellent bibliography and index. But otherwise there was really little for her to add, since ghouls are a conventional lot, and their appearances to-day closely follow familiar patterns, which gain much from the fancy-dress of an historic setting. Neither the sceptic nor the most heady devotee of the uncanny can have much to complain of in Miss Hole’s presentation of the raw material. She obviously believes in her ghosts, and places where

"the barriers between this world and the next are weakest." But the sophisticated decorations of Mr. John Farleigh offset any too gloomy declension into the shudders, and there is no spiritualist jargon.

Discounting mere hysteria, there are three main methods of 'explaining' ghosts. First of all it is easy to show how many ghost stories are merely pre-Christian hangovers—folk memories of Woden's fiery horses of the night, or of local deities who failed to be adopted into the hagiology when Christianity moved in. Then, many local traditions and beliefs of the unworldly are artificial—boomed as it best suited the very worldly purposes of smugglers, body-snatchers, or house agents in the Highlands. Secondly, ghosts can be interpreted as the results of psychic disturbance, set up by the release of particularly intense passions, and available, subjectively or objectively, to those receptive on, so to speak, the same wave-length. This approach can be decorated to taste by occultists or experts on the endocrine glands, and is a let-out for everybody. Thirdly, ghosts can be seen as a manifestation of a mass desire for marvels, especially at times of great religious fervour or, filling the gap, times of great religious indifference. If there were not ghosts, it was necessary to invent them. All forms of the appeal owe much to romantic and mystical literature, from Apuleius to the nineteenth century, and such elegant spine-tinglers as *The Skeleton Clutch*; or *the Goblet of Gore*. The application of Hemingway to Voodoo has as yet hardly reached the readers of the funny weeklies.

Miss Hole ignores the influence of literature, and is concerned only with beliefs which have been accepted purely on evidence or tradition. She points out herself how weak some of the stories are: "... a bedridden man at Knaphill, Bucks., heard someone lifting the latch of the door three nights in succession. Each time he waited with his stick in his hand for the intruder to come in, but no one did.

Very soon afterwards his father died." It must have been a very bored countryside which dilated such an experience into terror or romance. Most of the stories in fact are, stripped of the adjectives and the literary suspense, pretty thin. Most of them too, are variations on a few themes, or new versions of the stock ones—Hamlet's father in modern dress. Woden's fiery posse becomes a phantom coach and later (as Miss Hole might have pointed out) the Ghost Lorry which cluttered lanes in the home counties during the silly-seasons of the 'twenties.

But the bloodstain still won't quite come out of the floor. There remains any amount of material here for the writer to quarry in, the anthropologist to call on, the psychical research student to analyse, and the ordinary subscription reader, if not to shudder at, at least to read with tolerable pleasure. There are family ghosts, animal ghosts, ghosts with a purpose and ghosts with a past, as well as a full chorus of poltergeists and screaming skulls. They are assembled from many sources, and if not what can be called a comprehensive collection, do anyhow give a useful geographical survey of the distribution in England of some representative ghouls, paraded in their respective classes and age groups.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES.

HAYDN, by Rosemary Hughes. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THE CONCERTO, by John Culshaw. *Max Parrish*. 7s. 6d.

The life of Haydn was not a particularly romantic one; it was not dramatically ended in the tragedy of blindness or deafness nor cut short in early maturity; such financial worries as he had were neither overwhelming nor prolonged: in short his story is unlikely to serve as a ready-made basis for a film.

This would seem to lend support to the inference commonly drawn from the character of his music that his was an unclouded existence, but it was not so. An ardent religious disposition

permeated his outlook and overrode his troubles in their possible influence on his work. "Not from me," he said of his music, "it all comes from above." Such was the happy faith of this lovable man of character whose apparently quiet life is shown in this latest of *The Master Musicians* series to have been eventful enough to make an engrossing tale.

In common with the earlier books of this series it is divided almost equally into "life" and "works", with a supplement of appendices, a good and proved plan for the purpose of reference. The "Catalogue of Works" is, as the author points out, no more than an interim report although it contains much of the result of recent research. Haydn yet lacks the service rendered to Mozart by Köchel, and it is by no means easy to identify much of his output and the sources of the many arrangements. It is therefore anticipated that the list will be superseded in due course, but in the meantime we can be grateful to Rosemary Hughes for doing so well with a mass of material.

A more popular note is sounded in the title of John Culshaw's attractive new addition to *The World of Music* series. These now well-known pictorial books are apt vehicles for the presentation of the more colourful aspects of music and this one is well up to standard. It should enlarge the outlook of those whose musical horizon is restricted to the noisy contests between piano and orchestra filmed in technicolour. The author gives a sober but opinionated account of the historical background to the concerto form and a survey of the outstanding examples, and we discover that there are as many kinds of concerto as sugar-candy. That the stickier sort sways the public is to be deplored.

As it is a short survey this book can scarcely be criticized for omissions and the author has made the best possible use of his space. Many of the pictures are delightfully chosen and reproduced, although one of what is almost certainly a *viola da gamba* is described as a

violoncello. Another small observation is that the manuscript quotations, carefully executed as they are, may not be easy to read for those unused to musical handwriting; however their use in this book makes a real contribution to its pleasantly informal appearance.

PHILIP H. MORRIS.

THEMES AND VARIATIONS, by Aldous Huxley. *Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.

COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS, by Elizabeth Bowen. *Longmans*. 16s.

As an essayist, Mr. Huxley has long since earned the right and privilege to be himself, wholly, characteristically, and without concessions to less strenuous minds. Further, he has always possessed the gift of choosing the congenial theme that frees instead of binding him and seems coloured already by his own philosophy. What can be happier in a writer than to match the external material of his discourse with the meditations of his own exploring mind? Mr. Huxley elects this time to give us one long essay on a French intellectual, filling up with a number of brilliant briefer flashes on art and artists. Maine de Biran's *Journal Intime*, preoccupied with awkward confessions, stabs of uncomfortable conscience over his moral and social views, is exactly Mr. Huxley's pigeon. He might have quoted more, but he has digested it into his discussion and spared monotony. If Biran, for all his psychological and philosophic theories and his tortured analytical malaise, is a little less than kin and kind with his resuscitator, he does provide a musical theme in the right key. Few composers, after all, in writing variations, do not leap a little, even far, beyond their copy-books. So Mr. Huxley, interpreting—who better?—a certain melancholy misfit and ironic inconsistency in his French philosopher, allows himself several searching questions on man's status in the universe, and a long and spirited variation about that animal magnetism

Biran failed to test. This, and the brief essays on Goya, El Greco, Piranesi's *Prisons*, stand against a background that has in it the hopes of mysticism and a qualified despair of the human race.

Time was when Mr. Huxley, who has never suffered foolishness too gladly, thought fit to disguise his own high seriousness under a mocking buffoonery and the desire to shock. In his early novels especially, he shifted his perceptions of poetic truth, as though embarrassed by them, to the shoulders of characters from whom he could emphatically dissociate himself. His apparent glory in displaying corruption gained him a misleading popularity with superficial readers who are bewildered by the Huxley of to-day. Where he once set a character maliciously comparing Shelley to a white slug, he now leads up in his own person, unblushingly, to the familiar bourne of Wordsworth's *Intimations*. Perhaps the solemnity of American investigators has infected him a little.

Even so, he is not allowing us the safe harbourage of Wordsworth's reassurance. "Civilized man," he says, "spends most of his life in a cosy little universe of material artefacts, of social conventions and of verbalized ideas." It is a bad, unventilated cosiness, and one that the unchanging essence of Mr. Huxley has always sought to shatter. Outside it he finds God and the cosmic mystery, but also some very disturbing human traits and planetary tendencies. His final essay, "The Double Crisis", paints an unc cosy future of the dwindling of earth's natural resources through man's misuse of them and his increasing procreation. The world, in short, is heading for a disaster inherent in its present habits and policy, and more deeply interfused than the atom bomb. It is true, as he complains, that the greater international conferences ignore the danger. Yet the smaller ones, composed of scientists instead of politicians, are brandishing most of Mr. Huxley's arguments.

The question is how far their little candle throws its beams.

There is no room in such an essay for the typical variations; to find these we must retreat again on the discussion of baroque mortuary sculpture, the fusion of spiritual and visceral rapture in El Greco's genius, the relations of the individual to history, whether Piranesi's *Prisons* or Biran himself in the longer treatise sound the note. With all this richness there is sometimes a dull moment; this too is the author's privilege.

Miss Bowen, in the pieces she collects here, has not been permitted Mr. Huxley's freedom of choice. Some of them were written as prefaces, many as weekly book reviews. Brought together, they show a considerable dexterity in springing from theme to variant theme. More than that, they contain sound judgments, and an appreciation of the moment's subject even when it is far removed from her most-favoured theme of novels and novelists. One of the few chances for personal writing occurs when Miss Bowen consents to give impressions of her girlhood at a secondary school. She enjoyed it frankly; even during early war years (too early for the diet of boiled rice or "doorsteps-and-marge" that overtook these seminaries at the end of the Kaiser's war). "Reading more sensitive people's impressions of their school life," she writes, "makes me feel that either my old school was prosaic or that I was insensitive." Say rather that Miss Bowen's mind and heart were in the right place from the outset, and avoided the fashion for hyperbolical agony of fine souls trembling under discipline. This balance and healthy sanity can be seen now in her critical assessments. If she has little space or call to be adventurous in giving a general view of Flaubert, Mr. E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence and others, she has always something thoughtful, unequivocal and well-expressed to say of them. The collection was worth making.

SYLVA NORMAN.

FORMAL SPRING. French Renaissance poems with translations by R. N. Currey. *Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

CASSELL'S ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH POETRY. Selected and translated by Alan Conder. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Verse-translation—the most subtle, precarious and tantalizing of all the arts of the translator—is often declared to be an enterprise defying the attainment of perfection. The authors of these two volumes have not minimized the difficulties that confronted them; that they have succeeded so well in attempting the near-impossible is indeed a matter of congratulation.

Mr. Currey makes some interesting points about the principles he has followed in his choice of language, in order to recreate forms of sentiment and expression belonging to an age long past. He describes, for instance, the practice of the pre-Raphaelite poets and their followers, who framed a special poetic diction—often out-moded or over-sentimentalized—in their desire to avoid anachronism, and whose refurbishings often yielded merely the quaint or the mock-medieval. Mr. Currey has decided to adapt contemporary idiom to his purpose. In so doing, he has shown considerable skill in preserving the atmosphere and structure of the original poems, with their often elaborate patterns, their lilt and cadence, their particular felicities.

He interprets the term Renaissance to comprise poetry from the fourteenth century to the sixteenth. Charles d'Orléans, Villon, Ronsard and du Bellay form the major part of his collection; one must regret the absence of Desportes, and especially of his fine sonnet on Icarus. Each poet is introduced by a brief biographical note, and the French poems are printed opposite the English versions. The lay-out is most attractive, although the typography is rather small. Mr. Currey catches the gay, ingenuous spirit of a *Virelay* by Eustace Deschamps

as faithfully as the spring-like freshness of Charles d'Orléans' lovely *Rondel*; the dirge-like intensity and the sombre pathos of *L'Építaphe Villon*; the sad delights of Ronsard's mortal roses; the exquisite and affectionate precision of du Bellay's epitaphs on his dog and cat.

In his preface, Mr. Conder discusses the intractable problems of verse-translation, and his own approach to them. M. Cazamian and Mr. Walter de la Mare contribute valuable introductions, and pay high tribute to the extent of his achievement. Mr. Conder's is a choice made from translations upon which he has been engaged for more than thirty years. It comprises 351 poems, from over 60 authors, from Charles d'Orléans to Supervielle. To translate poetry ranging over five centuries, of such diversity in theme and treatment, is clearly a task calling for the greatest zeal, ingenuity and resource.

This collection mainly illustrates French poetry in its lyrical and descriptive forms. No dramatic poetry is included, relatively little of satire or epigram. Generous space is given to the poets of the past hundred years, notably Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Rimbaud and Valéry. Lamartine and Péguy, however, are each represented by a single poem—in Péguy's case, not very typically. None of the poetry expressing Vigny's philosophy is included, except the concluding stanza of *Le Mont des Oliviers*—here entitled "Silence", and printed as if it were a single poem. (For convenience of reference, it would have been useful to give the original French titles. The first line of each poem is given in an index, in French alphabetical order, with the English rendering following.)

Mr. Conder considers that it is essentially the spirit of the original that the translator should seek to convey, rather than details of texture, rhythm and phrasing. The translation, in his view, should be judged as a "self-contained entity," possessing at the most "vague spiritual (*not physical*) affinities" with the poem upon which

it is based. We may readily agree that something will almost inevitably be lost in any translation. Nevertheless, sound and sense are so fused and harmonized in poetry that it is usually impossible to alter the music without diminishing, and sometimes seriously disturbing, its inherent meaning, its undertones, its powers of evocation. It is in this respect that some of Mr. Conder's translations do fall short of fidelity, rather than through any literal inaccuracy, especially when he chooses a metre that sets his version in an entirely different key, and consequently in a different mood. Examples are Victor Hugo's poem "A Grandfather's Ditty"—where the wording in any case is much more fanciful than is Mr. Conder's usual practice—and Baudelaire's "Hymn", and his "Invitation to Travel." On the other hand, there are many occasions, as only extensive quotation could demonstrate, when Mr. Conder unmistakably suggests the immediacy of an author's presence, his individual quality and style, his "personal idiom", as Mr. de la Mare terms it, and when the reader will derive real pleasure from the poetry of the translation.

CHARLES GOULD.

ENGLISH POETRY, by F. W. Bateson. *Longmans*. 10s. 6d.

If this volume will be of interest and value to readers in need of a "critical introduction" to English poetry, it will certainly be a source of provocation to those who have passed the introductory stage. Mr. Bateson has some very pertinent observations to make, but he is constantly being diverted from the development of his thesis by his attitude towards the Romantics. Not for him Mr. Eliot's mere "critical asides"; he prefers to conduct a running battle of the hit-or-miss variety, and it must be remarked that quite frequently his aim is sadly misdirected. Indeed, one gains the impression that he is persistently setting up his own Aunt Sallies (each bearing its identification tag, but all in Romantic garb) for the sole purpose,

and the personal enjoyment, of knocking them down.

This is a little ironical when two of his main points of emphasis were previously expounded, perhaps not so concisely, by major Romantic poets. His theory of the "semantic gap" is, in effect, an elaboration of Coleridge's "balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities" in poetry; his comment upon the poet-reader relationship and the necessity for communication is a development of Wordsworth's theories as outlined in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (that poetry should be written "in a selection of language really used by men"). And when he states that "Romantic poetry died of old age years ago" he is either indulging in wishful thinking or quite out of touch with contemporary work. For a revitalization of Romantic poetry has been one of the most noticeable trends of the 1940-1950 period, as is witnessed by the work of such "neo-romantic" poets as Alex Comfort, John Heath-Stubbs, Vernon Watkins, Morwenna Donnelly, Henry Treece, and probably most of the poets under 40. The reader should, therefore, be prepared to make some allowance for bias of this kind and he will then discover that Mr. Bateson's critical studies, as distinct from his poetic "pot-shots", have a significance and a validity seldom achieved in an introduction to poetry.

There can be no doubt that contemporary poets must at least share the responsibility for the widening breach between poet and public. If we are to encourage a poetry-reading *élite* such as is visualized here, more attention must be paid to the problems of communication, and Mr. Bateson applies a much-needed corrective in his advocacy of "the primacy of meaning in poetry" without suggesting that poets should write down to the public. As he also points out, it is insufficiently realized by contemporary critics that the poet's original audience and environment are integral parts of the poetry and should be taken into consideration

in the assessment of the poetry of earlier periods.

The most important features of the book, however, are its contribution to the determination of proper critical standards and the light it throws on the connection between poetic and social trends at different periods. In the latter section, Mr. Bateson convincingly demonstrates his theories by a brief examination of poems by Chaucer, Wyatt, Milton, Waller, Swift, Gray, the major Romantics, Tennyson and Auden.

HOWARD SERGEANT.

WILDFOWLING, by various contributors. *Lonsdale Library: Seeley Service.* 25s.

I would not describe this volume on wildfowling as one of the more distinguished additions to the Lonsdale Library. It gets off to an unfortunate start with a travesty of a coloured frontispiece, which is not redeemed by the numerous black and white photographs illustrating the text, those of wildfowl falling below the high standards achieved by modern bird photographers. This is not solely, or perhaps mainly, the fault of the various photographers. Block-making is an expensive process, but it ought to be possible to employ high-quality art-paper in a work of this nature.

In other respects the production is good to look at and a pleasure to handle, while the not too expert wildfowler will probably find the text interesting enough, though it is somewhat long-winded and repetitive—ten contributors to one volume being too many for an editor to control. The expert, however, will not I think gather many pearls outside the technical chapters on shoulder and punt guns by Clifford Bland; and one or two dicta will certainly raise his eyebrows. It is bad enough, for instance, having to lie flat on one's back on a treacherous patch of soft mud, but it would certainly require stronger nerves than this reviewer's to flatten on one's face in such a predicament, as recommended,

and one's end would be very sticky indeed, I should imagine. But the prentice wildfowler is certainly let into every conceivable trick of the trade and very fully informed about this unique aspect of shooting, though a bibliography of outstanding wildfowling literature, additional to the glossary of fowling terms, would have been most acceptable. He should be able to pick up a great number of useful fowling tips, not only on guns and gunning, but on a variety of subjects from clothes and weather to hides and how to get warm after a winter shoot on the mud-flats: "Mulled ale is the answer. Some inns have cone-shaped brass canisters hung on the walls: take one of these, and have it filled to the top with beer and place therein ginger and some brown sugar. Place the canister in the fire for about two minutes, then pass the warm ale into a tankard and if the contents have not brought your circulation back to normal, then—have another."

Thus, to expect in this volume the literary and adventurous achievements of Hawker, Chapman or Scott is probably unfair to the editorial plan of presenting a workmanlike book for the beginner and initiating him to the atmosphere of wildfowling by a considerable number of first-hand accounts of sport in such famous wildfowling haunts as Breydon Water, the New Grounds on the Severn, or Downpatrick Marsh. To these days in the field he is introduced by some rather scrappy descriptive notes on the various wildfowl and waders he is likely, or unlikely, to encounter. These are followed by the four technical chapters on guns and the longest section in the book, comprising fifteen chapters by John Inge on such aspects of wildfowling in coastal areas as duck and goose flighting and shore-shooting. Three chapters on the art of punt-gunning and six on marsh-shooting, with shorter passages on decoy-ponds and hawking, first-aid and the law, complete the 350 odd pages.

RICHARD PERRY.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

It could not be read in bed because it would chase sleep away ; it should not be read in the garden because horror is said to attract the thing abhorred ; it ought not to be read at meals because it might spoil the appetite. Even so, the stone so often rejected has yet become the head of this particular corner.

Sitting on a tuffet

That such a book as *THE SPIDER*, by John Crompton (*Collins*. 10s. 6d.), should have been left to the last is due to a phobia, common enough, which the author does not try to explain. He talks of the frightened baby—but those who turn cold, sick and shaking, as it were instinctively, will probably agree that such acute fear must surely spring from much further back than infancy. Mr. Crompton fortunately is not of this sorry company ; he *likes* spiders, studies their habits at close quarters, has seen them at work in many parts of the world, and finds them excellent ‘copy’. Winning or disgusting, patient or cruel, house-proud or cannibal, they are to him the characters in his story, and the lense he uses therefore does not belong exclusively to the naturalist. That reader who is bound to commence repulsively fascinated is likely soon to lose the one in the other, and the spell should be potent to the last word, especially if the drawings are adroitly covered (in this case the publisher’s slip being more than bookmark) as each page is turned. Those whose flesh, instead of creeping, exults as they contemplate the insect world, will put the book gratefully on the shelf alongside Fabre, Maeterlinck, W. S. Bristowe and the others.

“Come into my parlour”

Web-spinning, the trapping and the devouring either of friend or foe as occasion suits, untiring attention to self-interest, ferocity, cunning, greed ? Yes,

these are the attributes of power politics too ; and so a transition to the eighteenth century, when so much of the strategy, balance, alignment—and tragedy—of modern Europe had their inception, is not unnatural. But the period was also the inspiration of that liberalism nurtured on Whig and Tory conflict which Erich Eyck in *PITT VERSUS FOX : FATHER AND SON 1735-1806* (*Bell*. 21s.) so much admires. The biographer of Bismarck in three volumes presumably found it easy by contrast to weave the careers of the two William Pitts and Henry and Charles Fox into this intricately patterned piece of British needlework. The impression of lightheartedness is strengthened by the style of the translator, Eric Northcott, which sometimes verges on the skittish. But this is a small blemish in the eyes of one who is doggedly on the side of C. J. Fox and sees him here most carefully vindicated.

These were the times of Jacobite risings, of war with Spain and France involving Poland, Prussia, Austria, Saxony and Russia, of the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, and Pondicherry, and Havana, by the English. Wilkes was expelled from the Commons ; there was the Rockingham Ministry, there was Burke’s *Present Discontents*, the Royal Marriage Bill, the Boston Tea Party, Adam Smith’s *Wealth of Nations* and American Independence. There was the East India Bill, the death of Frederick the Great, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the slave trade and the French Revolution. Rebellion in Ireland was followed by Union, there was the Peace of Amiens, Napoleon, and Nelson’s Trafalgar victory. These were some of the coloured threads outlining the four lives in the tapestry, and not the least of the charms of this remarkable book is the fresh point of view presented by a foreigner on such taken-for-granted English history book events.

Of the Arts

In the middle of it all and at the heart of Fox's England the Age of Reason was clearing a way for the Romantic movement. In 1786 Haydon began his memoirs wherein Fox, Pitt, Daniel O'Connell, Napoleon and Nelson were but intermittently mentioned. The talk was of men of letters, of painters, and especially of himself. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JOURNALS OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON with an Introduction by Malcolm Elwin is now published in the attractive *Macdonald Illustrated Classics* series (9s. 6d.). The readers of Eric George's 1948 biography had been prepared to believe the autobiography and diary good, but anticipation fell far short of actuality. His many friends, from Keats to Wordsworth, from Fuseli to Wilkie, figure enchantingly throughout, and Haydon's tremendous egoism is not the kind that infuriates. He was too good an artist, too nearly a genius, too tragically close to the realization of his dreams to be other than endearing and forever excused.—Some of Haydon's contemporaries are represented in a pleasant collection which indeed is calculated TO SOOTHE A SAVAGE BREAST (*Evans*. 12s. 6d.). Reginald Nettel has made an anthology of thoughts about music extracted from diverse sources. Some examples are: William Byrd's "Reasons briefly set downe by th'author to Perswade every one to Learne to Sing", "Saul and David" from the first book of *Samuel*, Addison's "Handel's Operas", "A Party at Lady Catherine's" from Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, and "The Holiness of Music" from a Christmas sermon by Charles Kingsley. These are indications enough that the book makes "a concord of sweet sounds."

Bygones

Straight from the end of the Romantic Age and Charles Willeby's contribution, "The Composer of Carmen", to *The Yellow Book*, we plunge into Frank Swinnerton's THE GEORGIAN LITERARY

SCENE 1910-1935 (*Hutchinson*. 15s.).

This is a new edition—and none the worse for that—of the volume first published in 1935, revised and with nine photographs of busts by Jo Davidson which do in fact "have extraordinary veracity as portraits." Here is the book above all for Edwardians, for they were growing up when Wells and Bernard Shaw, Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc, Barrie, Bennett, Galsworthy, Somerset Maugham, Granville-Barker, St. John Ervine, E. V. Lucas, C. E. Montague, Katherine Mansfield, John Middleton Murry, Bridges, Yeats, John Masefield, Flecker, Rose Macaulay, Margaret Kennedy, Compton Mackenzie, Wilfred Owen, Edmund Blunden, Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Graves, Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Rebecca West, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, Richard Aldington, J. B. Priestley, A. P. Herbert, and a hundred others, were pouring out their work. What an age in retrospect it seems to have been! Comparisons are dangerous as well as odious but perhaps the arid patches of the last decade may fairly be explained against the fact that when George V came to the throne authors still believed that life was worth living—and supremely worth writing about.

Chest protectors

Modesty alone could prevent Mr. Swinnerton from including himself in the galaxy, an omission for which the picture of his bearded bust makes amends. This and the one of D. H. Lawrence deserve a place in the next book, BEARDS, by Reginald Reynolds (*Allen & Unwin*. 18s.). Here is an astonishing survey of the lore of shaving, or its antithesis, which includes history, sociology, fact and fable in prolific and antipodal array. The research entailed must have been enormous, yet the erudition is implicit and never bludgeons. It has a razor-sharp wit, an intelligence with a cutting edge, and courage enough for hair-breadth iconoclasm, or for bearding

lions in their dens, or for victories by a close shave (Mr. Reynolds' high spirits are catching). As one who would rather not echo the cynic who said: "The only consolation I have in being a woman is that I shall not have to marry one" but who is quite fond of adding to the first part, "is that I do not have to shave", I can still unreservedly recommend the book to bareskinned and beavered alike and, since the author has some pertinent remarks on bearded ladies, of whatever sex.

Shakespeareland

And now to the cradle of the greatest beard of them all, WARWICKSHIRE, by Alan Burges. (The County Books: *Robert Hale*. 15s.). Here again inclination, all the stronger for springing from ancestral ties, goes hand in hand with the reading. All who love the lanes and villages "in the green heart of England" around the banks of the Avon, will browse through these pages. And all who know its noble buildings, the Castle itself, Guy's Cliffe, Kenilworth, Charlecote, Stoneleigh, Coughton and Compton Wynyates, will enjoy studying the numerous photographs. Then, is there a county more blessed with shapely towns (even though parts of Coventry, Rugby and Birmingham may not fit the description) set in a gentle, rolling landscape? Stratford, Warwick, Leamington all in a row, with Henley-in-Arden and Hampton-in-Arden flanking the west and the Cotswolds the south. And of history, and romance, and bloody battle, embodied in many a stately home, in Norman arch, or Tudor panelling, or Saxon burial place, Warwickshire has plenty. The author does not love his native county blindly but, as befits a member of the crew of the *Cap Pilar*—of envied and almost legendary fame—uses a roving and critical eye to control

his natural responsiveness to the claims of tradition.

Rounding the Horn

Another man who has spent much time as an amateur sailor, forsaking the Caerleon Cove of his boyhood choice in Cornwall, and returning after long years to his MEMORY BAY (*Longmans, Green*. 9s. 6d.) is John Frederic Gibson. He left school with "dis-jointed ambitions . . . determined to visit both the Arctic and Antarctic circles, to climb Mount Everest, to round the Horn in a sailing ship, to write a best-seller, to have a letter published in *The Times*." Not all the plans were fulfilled but Australia and Scandinavia were added and accomplished. This book, too good perhaps, may not be the best seller but, with the experience of writing two novels behind him, the belief that he has "found a place in which to live where my thoughts are free" and having memories of "faraway places" to call upon at will, he is at least equipped with the tools of his trade and the weapons for assault.

Mise en scene

The last journey on the list must be to John Russell's SWITZERLAND (*Batsford*. 15s.). For most of us this coloured country means mountains and lakes, but the author uses them as "a back-cloth to the towns and villages, churches and monasteries, châteaux and chalets." Profusely illustrated with photographs of varying styles of architecture in city, house or church, the book thus presents rival attractions to the Jungfrau, the Lake of Geneva, the Engadine, Inter-laken, or to the wonders of the Rhône Valley on the way to Lake Maggiore. Only the Swiss probably could balance the claims of the two Switzerlands. The occasional tourist has eyes but for one.

GRACE BANYARD.